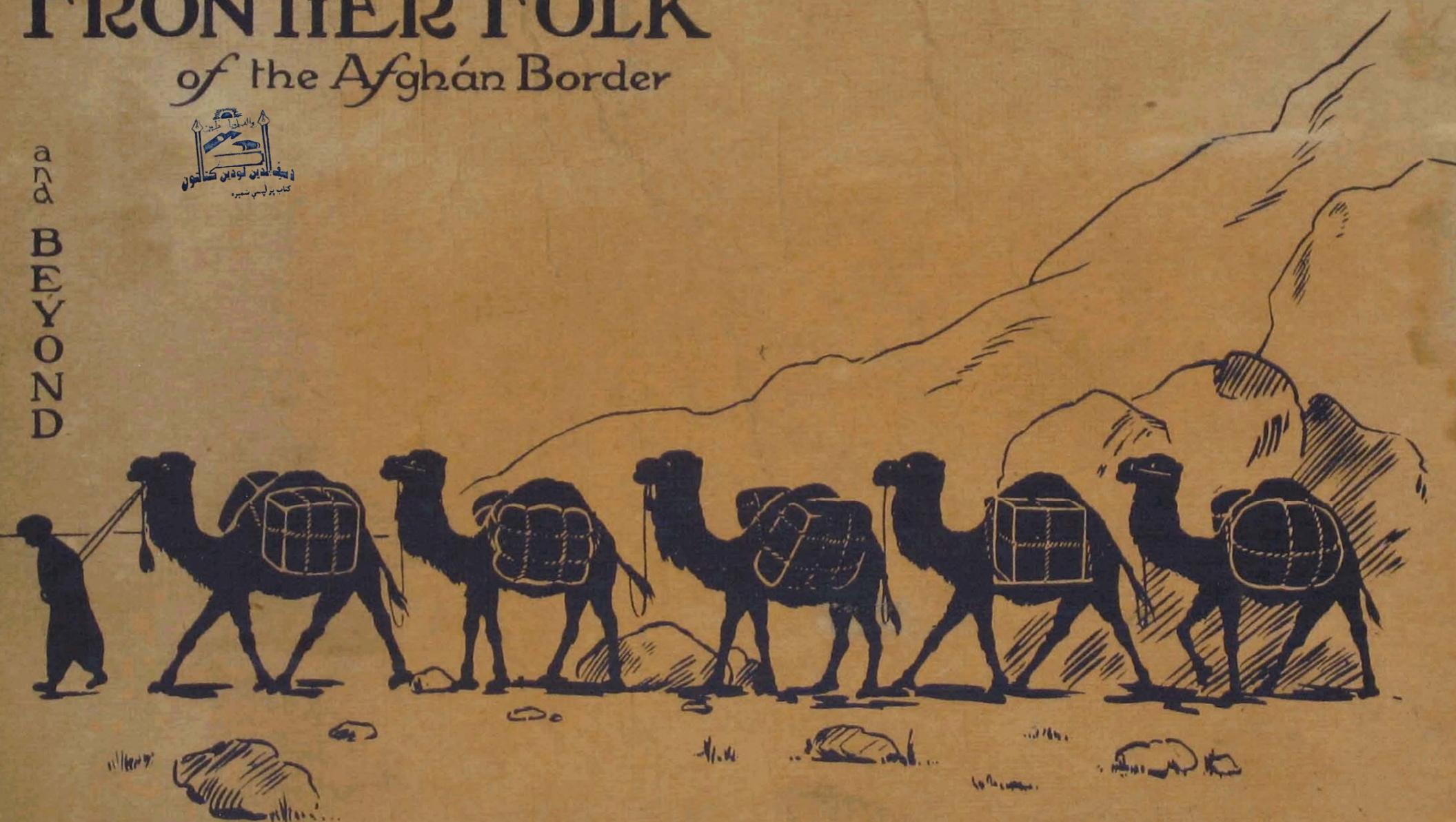


# FRONTIER FOLK

of the Afghán Border



and BEYOND





Afghan Baby in the Khyber.



# **Frontier Folk**

**of the Afghan Border—  
and Beyond**

**By L. A. STARR**

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, F.C. 4

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THIS small book in no way attempts to give a detailed or systematic description of the Frontier, or to relate a full account of the history of its people.

It is simply a collection of snapshots—a book about *people*—and has originated in the interest taken by very different types of British people in the pictures representing types of other people of the Afghán Frontier and beyond. In these pages more than twenty different tribes are shown, and something of the life of the people, their customs, and their trades.

My warmest thanks are due to Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I., for his kind help and interest and for the Foreword that he has written. I am very grateful, too, to Dr. Cane of Peterborough, late R.A.M.C., and stationed on the Frontier, for the loan of his excellent photographs.

It is hoped that these snapshots may interest, among others, those who have served the Empire on the Frontier, and yet may not have had the opportunity to study and appreciate the character of its peoples.

The fact that all these varied peoples are met with in one or another of the chain of hospitals along the Afghán Frontier, and in Kashmir and Tibet, may throw a new light on "medical missions," on what they *are*, and what they are *doing*, which will cause men and women who are working for the Right in the Civil or Military Services to believe in this Service also and to back it up.

L. A. STARR

EASTBOURNE :

9 September, 1920

## FOREWORD

I AM sure that this book will be of the greatest interest not only to those who, like myself, know the North-West Frontier of India well, but to the general public.

Life in a mission hospital on the Frontier brings the medical missionaries into touch with types quite outside the range of the ordinary official or traveller, and the self-sacrificing work of these hospitals is remembered with gratitude in the remotest villages of Afghánistan, Tibet, and the neighbouring countries.

In the history of medical missions, no name stands out more prominently for self-sacrifice and devotion to duty than that of the late Vernon Harold Starr, who was cruelly murdered by Patháns in Pesháwar, in 1918 ; and his widow, who shared his labours with equal devotion, and who is now returning to help carry on his great task, is the writer of this book.

I am proud to have numbered Vernon Starr among my friends, and to have seen both him and his wife at their wonderful work in the Pesháwar hospital, and I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my admiration of him in these few words with which this book is put before the public.

L. C. DUNSTERVILLE,

*Major-General*

KIRK MICHAEL,  
ISLE OF MAN :  
21 August 1920

BEYOND the North-West Frontier of British India run great mountain ranges, spurs of the mighty Himalayas, whose peaks reach up to 20,000 feet and enclose valleys "so deep that the day's sunshine is gone within the hour." The mountains form a natural wall, shutting off the closed country of Afghánistan. "No admission!" seems to be written right across them. The land beyond is closed to the British, and, indeed, to any stranger; closed to Christianity; and closed as yet to civilization itself.

And "not only have the forces of nature hedged these regions about with inaccessibilities, but there is attached to them that idea of uselessness and a want of interest which are more effectual as a barrier, closing up the country, than rivers or mountain peaks." It has been truly said that "the surface of the moon itself is better known than that vast area of the world," called in general terms, "Central Asia."\*

The green, cultivated plains of the Indian Frontier stretch away to barren and desolate uplands, with here and there sparsely cultivated patches of *makai*, or Indian corn, breaking the monotonous khaki background of the mountains which extend, range upon range, through Afghánistan into the great unknown Beyond of Central Asia.

Five chief passes cut through these otherwise impassable ranges; these are the doors of the closed land, and have formed since earliest history the main trade routes between India and the Beyond. **Quetta**, in Baluchistan, at the foot of the **Bolan Pass**, is the goal of the traders from Persia or from Kandahar, the chief town of Southern Afghánistan. **Dera Ismail Khan**, popularly known to the British as "Dreary Dismal," is at the foot of the **Gomal Pass**, on the trade route from Ghazni, the old capital of Afghánistan. **Bannu**, later renamed **Edwardesabad**, after the great and much-loved Chief Commissioner of the Frontier, Sir Herbert Edwardes, still, however, usually known as Bannu, is at the end of the **Tochi** and the **Kurram** valleys. **Pesháwar**, the capital of the North-West Frontier Province of British India,

\* "The Times," 22 August, 1919.



*Photograph by]*

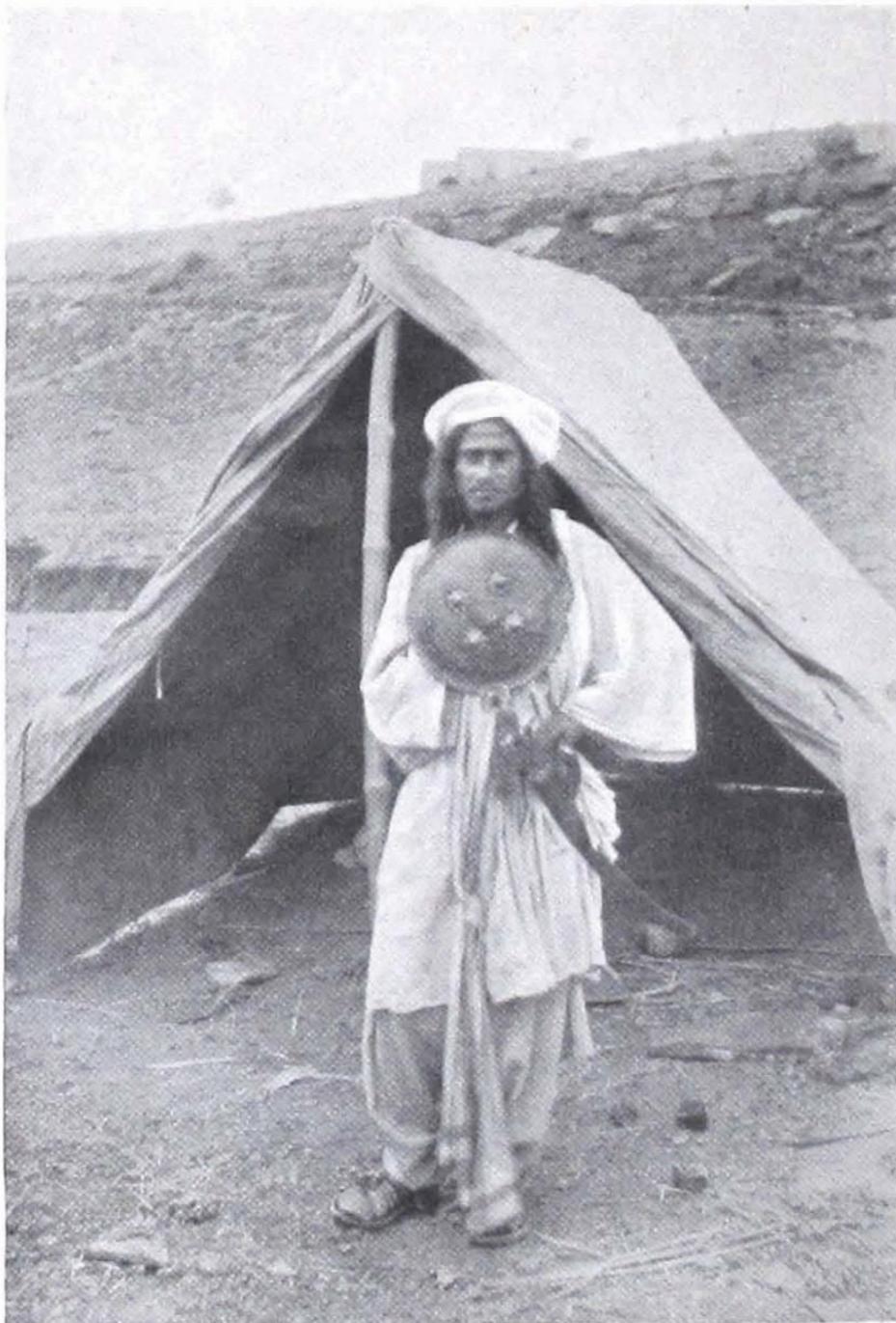
*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*

## **The Camel Caravan**

is at the foot of the historic **Khyber Pass**, down which come the caravans from Kábúl, the capital of Afghánistan, and even from Bokhára. Away to the east, in the beautiful valley of Kashmir, is **Srinagar**, to which comes trade from Tibet and Ladákh, through the deep, rocky canyon of the **Zogi Lá Pass**. These doors swing open but one way, for free entry into Baluchistan, Afghánistan, or Tibet is forbidden, but the people from these lands may, if they choose, come out. There are three objectives for which these mountain folk leave their fastnesses—loot, trade, and healing.

The Afgháns are not Indians. They are of Aryan, not Semitic stock, though in character, appearance, and habits they are far more closely allied to the Arab of the desert than to the peaceful dwellers in the plains of India. “Wanderers often with no settled dwelling-place, Ishmaels their lives through, they are descendants of men who have carved out empires, nevertheless ; for the history of India has been the history of the descents of these fierce mountain and desert-nurtured men.” Wild and lawless, fierce and passionate, cunning and cruel, they are yet attractive, for they are *men*. With the splendid physique of the real highlander, and a bravery unsurpassed by any Eastern nation, they are a people capable of great development, though as yet untouched by Western influence.

Beyond the British border there are no railways, no navigable rivers, and no roads but where the British have made them at the Indian end of the great trade routes. There are no police beyond the Frontier. It is an abode of outlaws ; for the unwritten law is “might is right,” and the pride of the people is that they have never known a master and never will. There are no hospitals, for medical science is unknown, and mercy a despised quality ; there are no schools but those of the mullahs or priests of Islám for the teaching of “the holy Koran.” There is no desire for education on the part of the young men of the country, whose aims are mainly two—to possess many camels for trading purposes, and to be a more accurate shot than neighbours and relations, for attack or self-defence, as often as that may be needed.



**Trader—  
or Raider ?**

WITH some men, looting is a pastime ; with others, a profession. The Pathán tribes of the Afghán Border are expert thieves ; they indulge freely in raids, and that " practice makes perfect " is as true a maxim in this fine art as in any other. There are, too, the regular caravan robbers—the Yaghis, " those without law "—who, although all true sons of Islám, regard travellers, especially those with weak escort, as their lawful God-given prey. Without the loot of passing caravans, and the raiding of their prosperous Indian neighbours, how should they live in that dry, barren wilderness of no man's land ? The bare, brown, rocky hillsides of the pass, frowning down on either side, are the allies of these plunderers, so no caravan marches without its armed escort, each man carrying the heavy old matchlock, a stolen rifle, or at least a dagger or large curved sword.

An Afridi tribesman recently presented himself at a British hospital for treatment, shortly after a raid by his tribe into British territory, which had involved serious loss. On being asked : " Why do you raid and give all this trouble ? " he naïvely replied : " Why, what else is there to do if we don't come raiding ? And anyhow, you ought not to mind, for we raid the Amir's territory, and he is a good Mohammedan, while you are, after all, but kafirs (unbelievers) ! "

Of the five great trade routes the most important is the Khyber Pass. The passage is thirty-three miles in length, between two enclosing ranges of hills, minor spurs of the Safed Koh Mountains on the south, and the distant Hindu Kush, whose highest peaks are covered with everlasting snow. It may well be called the " Gate of India " on the north. In the annals of history there have been thirty or more invasions of India through this gateway, when conquering hordes from the border uplands of Central Asia have swept down to overrun the rich plains to the south. There was the Persian invasion, when in 516 B.C. Darius



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*



**Nearing Jamrud—**

**Passports Ready !**

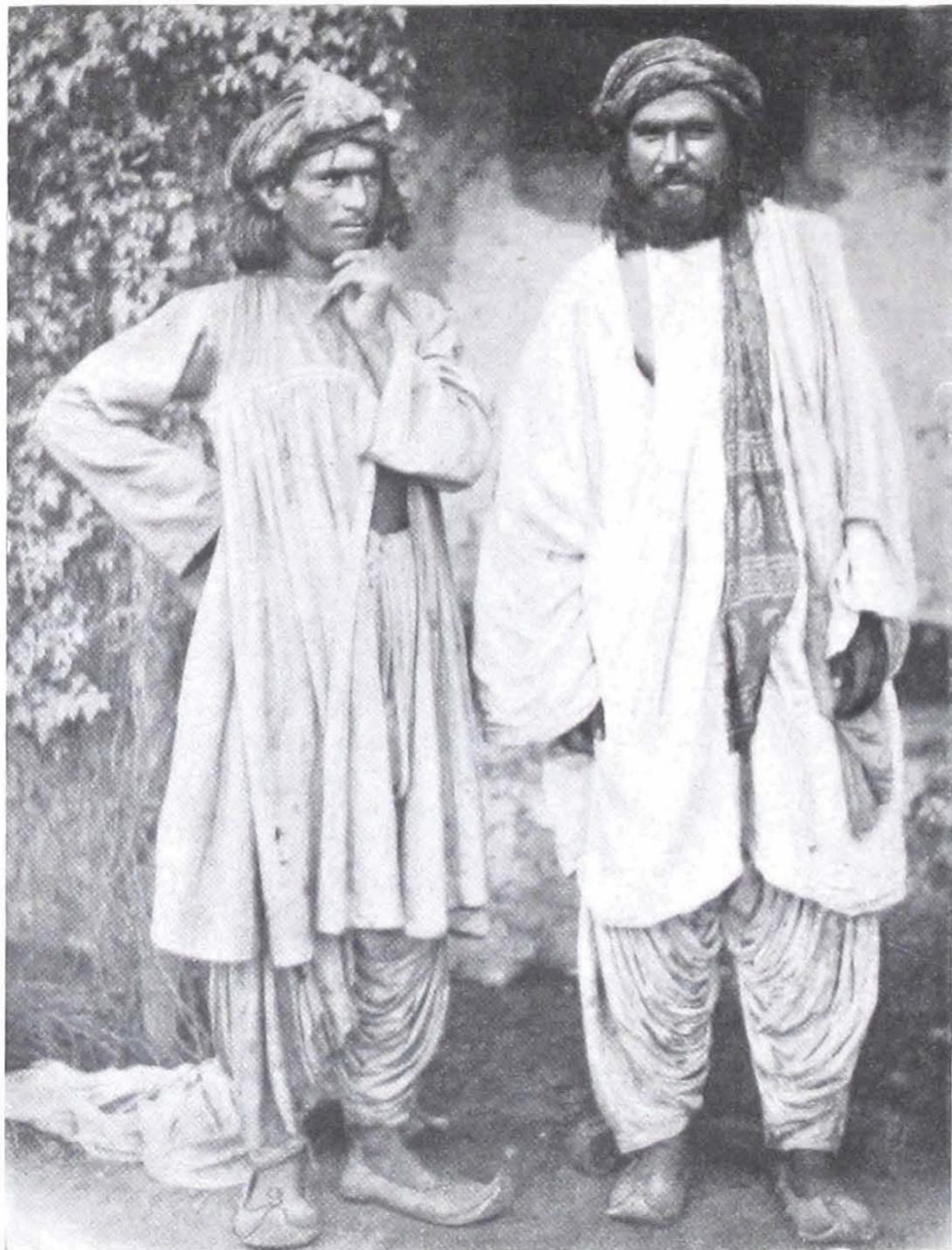
subdued the country as far as Kábul, but did not reach the Khyber ; while in 327 B.C. Alexander the Great crossed the Hindu Kush, marched down through the districts of Bajaur and Swat, through the Khyber, and, crossing the Indus river near Attock, swept with his great army to conquest in the Punjab, to die only four years later, after unwillingly retracing his steps through the dreary sandhills of Baluchistan.

Successive invasions, dating from 3000 to 2000 B.C. to the later Persian, Buddhist, Chinese, and Græco-Bactrian, have each left some mark on the art, religion, or character of people. The recent excavations of the Buddhist mounds in the Pesháwar district, and the buried cities at Taxila and at Takht-i-bai, bring to light much of the all too little known ancient history of past ruling dynasties.

As the lives of the people have been through the ages, so they are now ; methods change but little till West meets East, and the *káfilas*, or camel caravans, wend their way down the narrow defiles of the Pass out into the Pesháwar valley, in 1920 A.D., much as they did in the years B.C. "While I write and while you read, somewhere in that remote immensity, tribe is fighting with tribe, brigands are looting, men are murdering, weird rites are performing, caravans are marching, bazaars are buzzing, and merchants are trafficking—all as they did in the days of the Great Mogul, as in the days of Alexander and of Darius and of Nebuchadnezzar. The only modern invention that has come their way is gunpowder."\*

There is this difference, also, that, in these days, under the British administration of the Frontier, the pass, where it goes through the territory of the Pathán border tribes, is picketed on two days in the week for the passage of caravans ; the Khyber Rifles or Frontier Militia, who guard the pass on Tuesdays and Fridays, are composed of men from those very tribes who, on the other five days of the week, may themselves be the robbers.

\* "The Times," 22 August, 1919.



**Baluchi  
Tribesmen**

THERE are several hundred to a thousand camels, cows, and donkeys in one caravan ; the camels lead, as shown in the picture on page 5, and the tail of the foremost is sometimes tied with a long, loose rope to the nose of the next, so that one man can keep under control a whole string of these ungainly beasts. The camels are of the long-haired, shaggy, Bactrian kind—handsome animals when compared with those seen in India or Egypt, though untrained and savage, so that camel-bites are frequently admitted to hospital and are very severe wounds. On the backs of the camels are loads of merchandise, Persian carpets, dried fruits, fresh grapes and melons packed in crates from the Kábul valley, almonds, and the beautiful shot silks made in the bazaars of Bokhára.

Following the long strings of heavily laden camels, straggling down the rough stony track dignified by the name "the caravan route," come flocks and herds, ponies, mules, and men, women, and children, and now and again a wild wolf-like dog alert to guard the caravan. Many of the women are on foot ; here and there one will be mounted on a small donkey, her baby in her arms. A camel may be seen, on either side of which is a pannier full of bright-eyed, laughing children, and sometimes sick and fretful ones, packed in together with cocks and hens, or any lambs or kids too young to journey on foot. Occasionally a she-camel will carry her own new-born offspring roped across her back.

At the foot of each of the five passes is a mission hospital. To these hospitals come wild trans-frontier people from valleys far up among the mountains. The mission hospitals have had a real influence in making the frontier tribes better disposed towards the British, and therefore less ready to listen to paid agitators sent broadcast by our enemies ; and in these days, when over Central Asia hangs the sinister menace of Bolshevism, their influence is more needed still. Under the Red Cross the world-wide warfare against cruelty and wrong has been fought, and under that same banner it will be fought and fought to final victory.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

## **A Young David of the Sheep-folds**

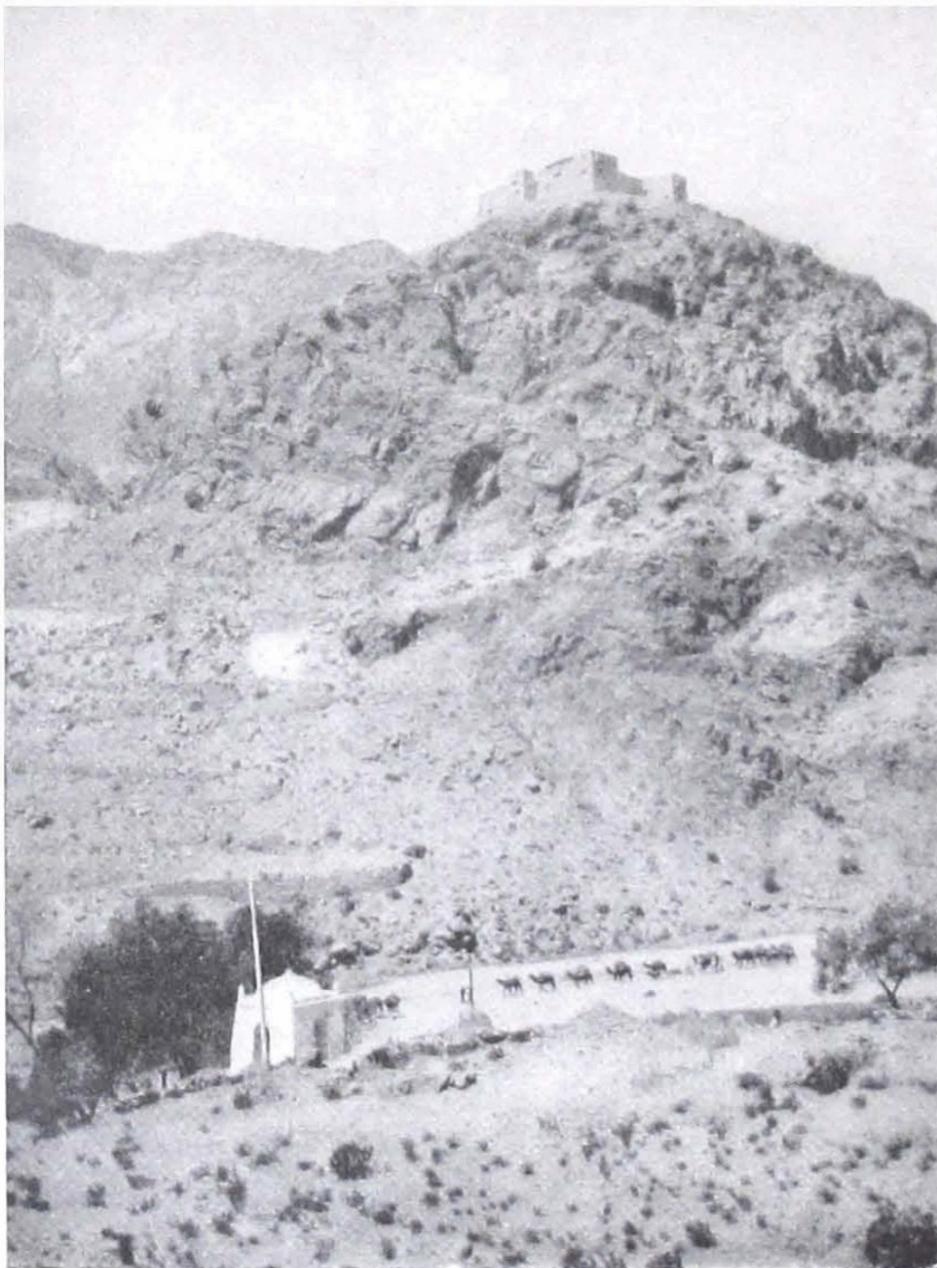
KÁBUL, the capital of Afghanistan, lies in a fertile valley, an oasis in the heart of a land of barren rock and wind-swept heights, at a distance of 190 miles from Pesháwar.

The travellers with the up-caravan, if all goes well, on the twelfth or thirteenth day of the march on gaining the top of a small hill and rounding the corner, come suddenly, and with a burst, in sight of the city of Kábul—"veiled like some purdah princess beneath a sari wrought in green and silver and rose, with all the blossoms of all the fruit-trees in the world." "Kábul of vineyards and gardens, Kábul of summer palaces and greenness. What a contrast to the barren country they had come through, in its valley an oasis of sweetness with again far vistas of desert beyond! Kábul, the Pathán's Paradise; Kábul with its intrigues, with its crowded bazaars, its dirt, its murders, its darkness, its tortures for the unfortunate, its oppressed and imprisoned women, its neglected children. Kábul still stands a challenge to faith—its Amir the last independent Mohammedan ruler—the capital of almost the only unopened country in the world." \*

Afghán territory ends six miles on the Afghán side of the British outpost of Lundi Kotal, which stands near the summit of the pass. Ten miles lower, the caravan winds below the Fort of Ali-Musjid, built high up on the rocky cliff overlooking the road. Blockhouses stand at intervals on prominent points, here and there the remains of a disused stone sangar—such as the one behind the camels in the first picture—and everywhere are brown buttresses of rock, from cover of which hidden snipers can mark down the unwary passers-by on the road below. Such is the scenery of the Khyber.

Below the fort at Ali-Musjid, on the road level, is a little mosque built against the tomb from which the fort takes its name. The string of camels on the road (see photograph opposite) shows by contrast the height of the cliffs. Visitors who wish to see the pass are allowed

\* "The Moslem World," January, 1920.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

**In the  
Khyber Pass**

up as far as Ali-Musjid, and the little stream which winds by the clump of trees—the one touch of green—is a refreshing halting-place. Every devout Moslem will stop on his journey and enter the mosque to pray for a blessing on his trading and a safe passage, and as he passes by the spot near to Ali-Musjid he will stop and gaze with wonder and awe at the marks of Ali's wonderful horse, which, on his magical journey through the Khyber, left the print of his hoofs at intervals of many yards on the hard flint rocks.

In the picture on page 9 the cavalcade has emerged from the pass through the foothills into the opening of the Peshawar Valley near Jamrud, where the fort stands like a great sentinel, guarding the entrance to the Khyber Pass—a grey battleship in a brown sea of sand. It is here, at Jamrud, that passports must be handed in by those going up the pass, and rifles and matchlocks by the camel-owners as they come down into India. Grand and wild as the scenery is, the caravan itself is of greater interest still. To those who know something of the people and their Pushtu tongue, there is no greater attraction than to go up the pass, past the up-going caravan starting on its way back to Kábul, to meet the down-coming caravan, the tinkling camel-bells of which announce its approach, give heart to the weary travellers, and help to break the monotonous silence of the barren pass. “*Sterai-ma-shai* (May you never be tired !)—the correct Afghán greeting—invariably brings a smile to the faces of the stragglers trudging beside the camels, for they are nearing the end of a journey of 200 miles or more. “*Khwar-ma-shai*,” they promptly reply, which being interpreted is: “May you never be poor !”

If this customary greeting is followed by: “Have you any wounded or sick folk with you ?” interest is roused at once. “Of course,” is usually the reply, to which is given the information that fifteen or twenty miles on, whichever it may be, just before Peshawar city is reached on the next day, they will pass the gates of the mission hospital.



*Photograph by*

*[Capt L. B. Canz, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*

## **“The Luck of the Caravan”**

**B**

THE photograph on the previous page shows the enclosure or *serai* at Jamrud, where the caravan rests for one night in safety, so that the last ten miles over the flat may be covered in the morning, to allow time for accommodation to be secured in the crowded city for men and animals before nightfall. The serai is a large walled-in courtyard ; to one side may be seen the rough tents of woven camel's hair used for the women and children who accompany the caravan on the march. In the front of the picture is a white baby camel, not two days old when the photograph was taken, and at which the baby humans have come to stare. A white camel is not common and "brings luck to the caravan."

The photograph opposite is a typical Afghán trader in the pass, accompanying the camels. He wears the *pushteen*, or leather coat, lined with sheepskin and with heavy fur sleeves, a long quilted undercoat, and a girdle ; into this, on the right side, will be thrust his knife, used for self-protection or any other purpose ; on the left hangs his brass-studded purse-wallet, which every Kábuli wears. But he wears a smile too, for the Afghán is by no means devoid of a sense of humour ; indeed, to make a good joke is often to get the right side of an Afghán at a stroke.

The Afghán on page 7 belongs to the Mahsud tribe, who live beyond the Bannu Frontier. They usually wear their hair long, and the older men have flowing beards. They are a warlike tribe, constantly giving trouble on that border. The man in the picture on page 7 is ready for a journey—or a raid—his shield and long curved Afghán knife the necessary equipment.

The people of Afghánistan are Mohammedans, and no other religion but that of "the Prophet" is tolerated in the country. It is because the land is under the iron heel of Islám that it is a *closed* land. The real rulers of the people are the mullahs or priests of the



[Photograph by]

[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]

**“To make a good joke  
is to get the right side  
of an Afghan at a  
stroke!”**

faith, and it is they who work up the fanatical hatred of the people against the unbelievers, till, to take the life of a Christian, is to gain immortality. A *gházi*, or religious fanatic, is honoured by the Mohammedan code.

The Afgháns are the people of Afghánistan proper. There are, however, many different tribes, collectively known as Patháns, who resemble the Afgháns, and live in the mountains all along the Frontier. The Pathán is a strange mixture, and difficult to classify, not attractive morally, a source of endless trouble to a Western government; yet for all that possessing a real attraction for all who work on the Frontier—why, it is not easy to say; perhaps because we recognize in him some features of our own Celtic ancestry. The separate clans and border tribes differ widely, yet possess in common with each other and the Afghán the characteristic traits of fanaticism and turbulence.

In Pushtu, the language of the country, the word denoting tribe is *khel*, and this is added to the proper name of each tribe. The chief frontier khels are Kambar, Kuki, Zakha, Malikdin, and Adam, who are all Afridis, and the Mohmands, Swatis, Mahsuds, and Waziris. The Kuchis or Powindahs, are not strictly a *khel*, but wanderers who may represent many tribes and khels; they are mostly Suleiman Khel Ghilzais. The Afridis, Mohmands, and Yusuggai are the tribes nearest to the Pesháwar Frontier, the Adam khels live round the Kohat Pass, while beyond Bannu, ninety miles along the Frontier to the south-west, are the Mahsuds and Waziris, known even among Patháns for their cruelty and cunning.

South of Afghánistan is Baluchistan, lying between Persia and India. The Baluchi tribesmen share the characteristics of the Afgháns. A pair of trousers, such as the men in the picture on page 11 are wearing, requires forty yards of material to make them as full as is considered correct on the Frontier!



**Kuchi Fashions**



**The Head of the Clan**

THE Kuchis have a yet more curious custom as regards their clothes. Their women have a new dress at the time of marriage, after which it is considered disgraceful to have another which is wholly new. They therefore patch and re-patch—as the lady in the picture on the previous page has done—using any odd piece of cloth which they can beg, borrow, or steal. The dress, unlike the short, full tunic of the Afridi, is long to the ankle, and its many colours make it picturesque. This is a custom which, if not altogether sanitary, is highly economical, and might with advantage, though in a lesser degree, be copied in these expensive times by the women of the West.

The old shepherd (page 21) is the head of the clan, and a person of no small importance among his “ain folk.” The encampment had halted in the ten-mile stretch of bare, stony country between the Khyber and Peshawar, and the old man was tending his sick sheep and goats when white visitors unexpectedly appeared on the scene. Since they spoke his tongue he made friends at once, and the camera caught him as he stood gently handling a day-old black lamb.

Others of the family had gathered, and the opposite photograph shows the power of a joke with the Patháns! They live the simple life of the nomad, and in the picture are standing outside their rough tent of woven camel’s hair; and their camels, which carry all their transport, are kneeling on the sand, loosely tethered to the tent-pegs. They had already offered to their visitors a piece of dry *chappáti* (native flat bread), the sign that they were welcomed as guests, after which form friendship is assumed; for the Pathán has a certain code of honour which he will not break.



THIS photograph shows a family of a very different type. They are Persian speaking, and have left their home near the Persian frontier of Afghánistan to take the long and often hazardous journey in the hope of finding treatment for the father of the family—aged more by sickness than by years—at the hospital of the English *hakim* in Pesháwar.

They are not the only type of Persian-speaking people to be met with in that city. The history of the Armenians who now live there is worth recording, for, though like these patients they speak Persian as their mother tongue, they are not like them—poor and illiterate.

In the days of the Amir Dost Mohammed there was a colony of some hundred Armenians who had settled at Kábúl. Originally they had come from Persia in the service of Nadir Shah, when he made his victorious march eastwards. But the larger number had either gone on into India or returned to Persia. These few, however, had settled down in Kábúl, bought land, and worked as tailors and carpenters, while one was even at the court of the Amir. This was Lucas Joseph, with whom the Amir formed a friendship, and so trusted him that he made him governor of his gunpowder factory. He went so far as to give him the run of the government treasury, with the power to draw what money he needed without first gaining the Amir's consent ; and later made him Governor of Jellálábad. Complete confidence was placed in him—an amazing fact when it is remembered that the Armenians were Christians, worshippers of the Triune God—a tenet abhorrent to every Mohammedan ; and Afghánistan is the most bigoted and treacherous Moslem country in the world. Although the Armenians were tolerated by reason of the Amir's favour, no Afghán who left the faith of Islám to become a Christian could be allowed to live. In the year 1897, with the rule of the Amir Nasir Ullah Khan, the sojourn of the Christian Armenians in Kábúl was brought to a sudden end.

It was the time of the great massacre of that people in Turkey, and feeling of Moslem



**From the Persian Frontier**

against Christian was running high. The Amir, on the pretext that some of them must be spies who were plotting to murder him, peremptorily ordered all Armenians to clear out of his dominions. Disgusted at Afghán fickleness and injustice, the little band prepared for the difficult and dangerous journey through the winter snows to India. In spite of hardships they safely reached Pesháwar, and settled there, welcomed by the Indian Christian community. Some have worked in the mission hospital, and are still doing good service there. Lucas Joseph, the ex-Governor of Jellálábad, carried on business in the city till his death in 1918, and was universally honoured and respected. He was personally known to the writer, and his son, a doctor, is now house-surgeon in the Pesháwar mission hospital.

MARRIAGE customs vary in town and country life. In the first of the pictures on the opposite page the bridegroom, a lad of fifteen, is being conducted for the ceremony to the house of the bride in a neighbouring village. He rides, mounted in state, on a camel, which is decorated for the occasion with strings of beads, bells, and woollen tassels. Near relatives follow riding, while guests of lesser rank and the women walk in the procession, chanting and beating time on brass cymbals.

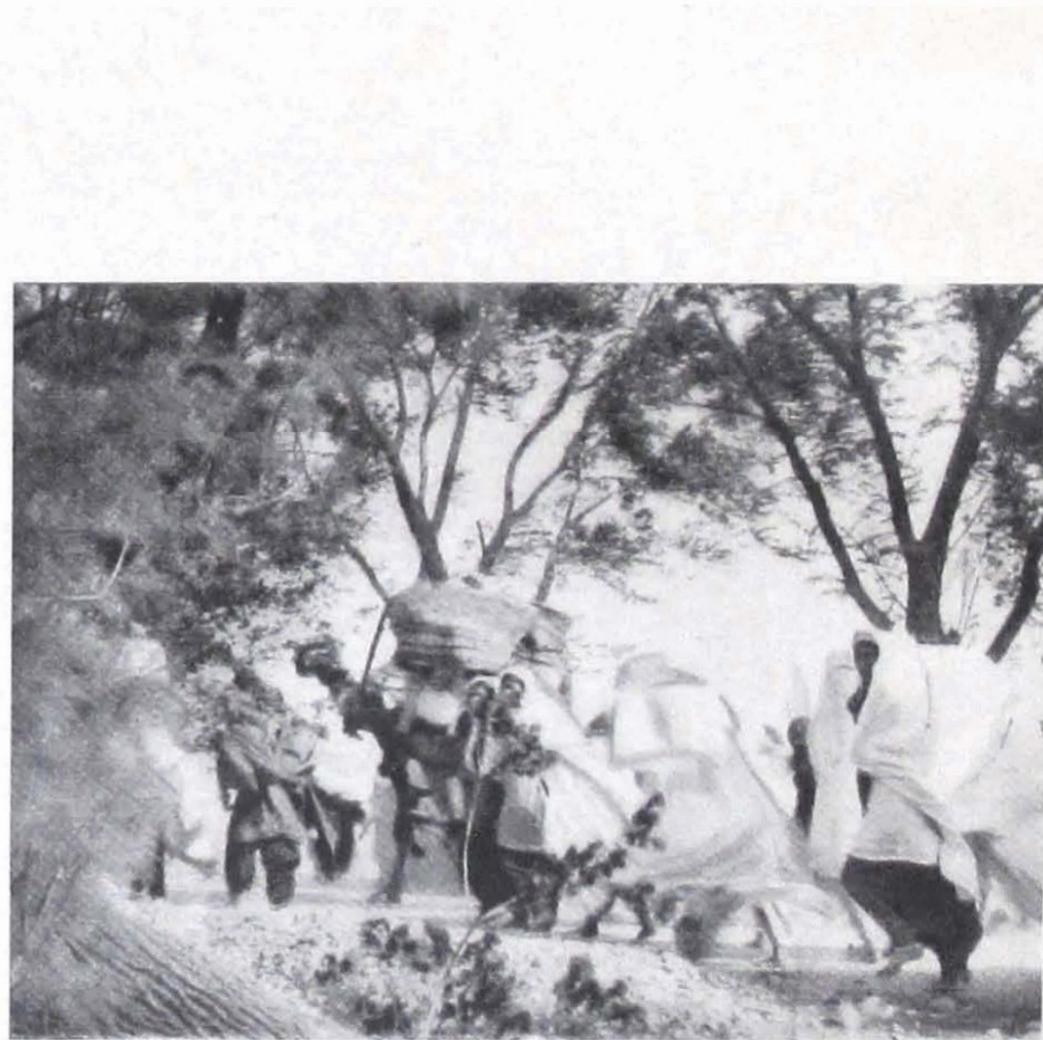
The scene changes in as short a time as it takes to write, and the second picture is of the same wedding party in a dust-storm which suddenly sweeps over the landscape—though its on-coming has been apparent for some little time in a brown haze on the horizon.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

## **A Wedding Procession—**



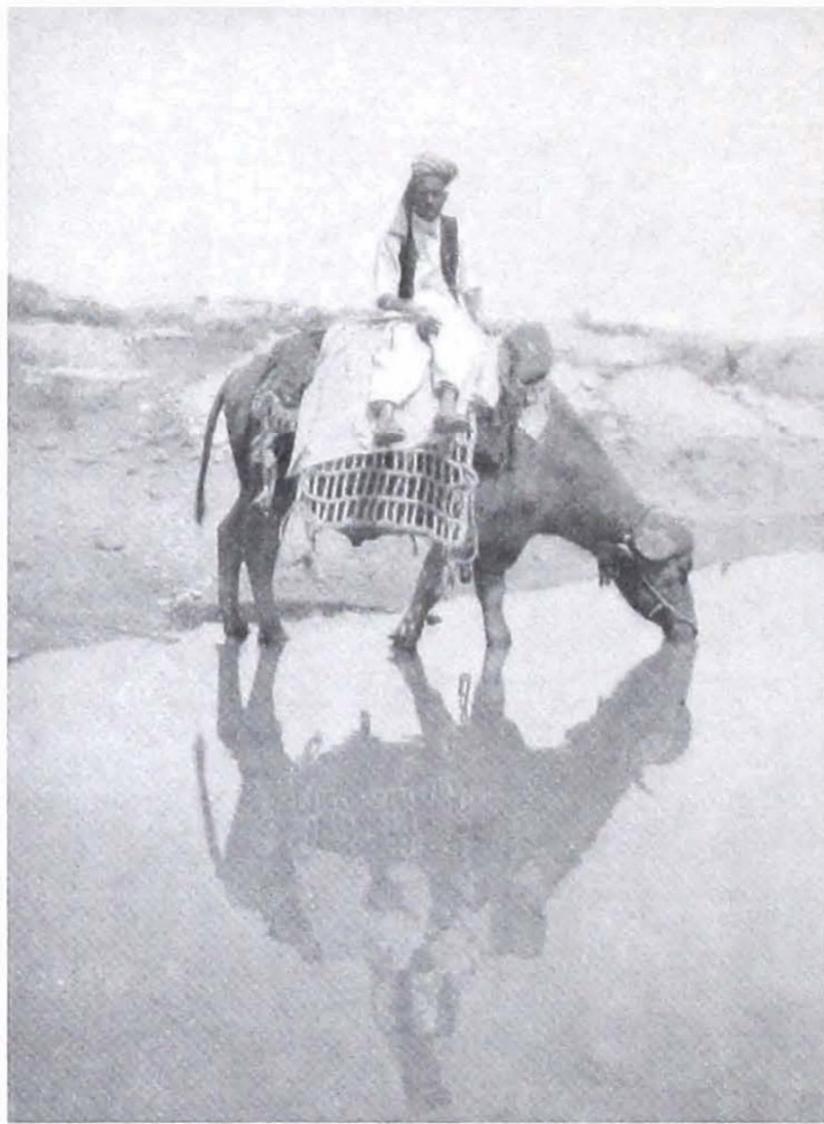
*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

## **—in a Dust-storm**

CAMELS, cows, and donkeys or buffaloes are the beasts of burden in North India. The old buffalo in the picture is, with his owner, slowly wending homewards after the day's work, over the barren, dusty plain beyond Islámia, three miles from Pesháwar. Large bags made of loosely-netted rope hang over his back, emptied now of the load of bricks, earth, or fluffy white cotton-pods, or whatever material his master deals in. Behind are piles of loose stones showing the deserted Mohammedan graveyards, which are dotted promiscuously about the country, white and desolate.

The Moslem has a profound belief in the resurrection and future life, though its manner and method are crude, and his thoughts of it sensual. Should a limb require amputation, the friends of the patient will wait outside the operating theatre with a box, in which the severed limb is placed and then buried. The owner of the arm or leg takes care to know where it is laid, and it is said that he will, if possible, take up his abode near the place for the rest of his life, so that in the resurrection he may be sure to get his own missing member again.



*Photograph by]*

[*Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*

**“In a dry and thirsty land—”**

FROM scenes of country life come to the city itself. Pesháwar has about 100,000 inhabitants. It stands 1588 miles north-west of Calcutta, on the edge of the great mountain barrier between India and Afghánistan. The city itself is surrounded by high mud walls, and a police guard is stationed at each of its gates; these are closed every night at dusk. The British bungalows, barracks, church, and club are at some distance from the city, in their own gardens and grounds. The station is of importance as the terminus of the Indian railway. The C.M.S. hospital stands prominently on the high road from the Khyber outside one of the city gates.

The city is full of noise, dust, smells, and interest. The main streets are the bazaars, and market squares open out from them. Houses built of wood and baked mud, or brick, usually covered outside with colour or white-wash, line the streets. The lowest storey forms the shops, which are open to the street in front and shaded by an awning, underneath which the shopkeeper sits, lazily flapping off the flies, while his eyes watch the passers-by.

Here is a man who has secured the pre-War scarlet coat of a British soldier, which looks somewhat grotesque worn over his loose shirt and Pathán trousers. The small boy behind carries a strip of *chittai*, or grass matting, over his head; it is the natural place to carry goods of any description—even babies—and in this case it has the added advantage of shielding the wearer from the sun.



*Photograph by*

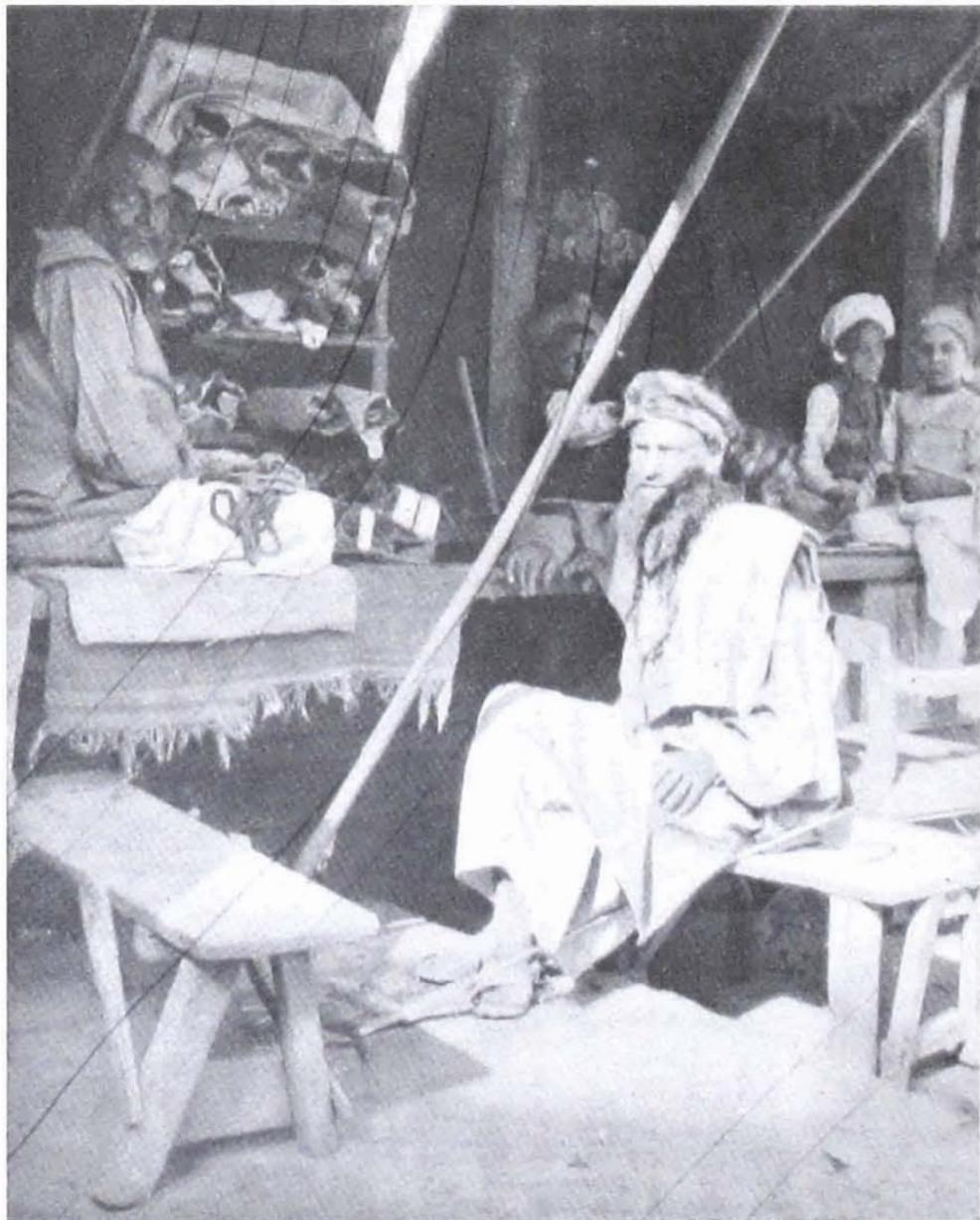
[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]

**Borrowed Plumes!**

EVERY type, rank, and trade is seen in the bazaars, and even the bazaars vary according to the wares which they especially advertise. There is the silk bazaar, bright with long skeins of raw silk in every shade of orange, blue, and gold, hanging from the balconies and verandas to dry after the dyeing process, while men and boys in the shops below or in the open square are busy spinning and winding it. There is the *kapra* (cloth) bazaar, where there is a strange medley of cheap Japanese or English goods and Manchester prints mixed up with native trouser tassels and velvet tinsel-trimmed waistcoats and caps. The copper bazaar dazzles the eye, where the bright burnished vessels standing piled up in the street outside glint in the sun's rays. There is a constant hammering going on by the workmen who are beating and cutting the metal, to which sound distance lends enchantment and a musical tone.

No one can travel in India and not become acquainted with the *fakir*, or "holy man," of whom there are many types. He *may* be a genuine seeker after truth; he probably is a beggar who finds begging more remunerative and less troublesome than working at an honest trade, for if he lets his hair and beard grow long and matted, wears the orange robe of the fakir, sandals, and a rosary, he soon becomes known to be one who is accumulating merit as a "holy man." This type of fakir is, however, very different from the Hindu *yogi*, whose portrait appears on page 91.

The fakir here is sitting on the wooden bench placed for the convenience of customers outside the hardware shop, and talking to the dealer who is selling an odd assortment of rope, leather, and nails. The fakir has no need of this world's goods, and no money with which to pay for them; it is an honour to be asked to supply him with food or a new pair of coarse rope sandals.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

**It is an honour to  
supply the Fakir  
with Sandals**

THE Afgháns and Patháns are one and all sportsmen. Daring, reckless riders and keen huntsmen, they are trained to use a rifle as soon as they are old enough to raise it to the shoulder. Hawking is one of their favourite pastimes, and is carried on now in much the same way as it was in "Merrie England" in the days of good Queen Bess. The bird, as the picture shows, is attached to the wrist by a cord round one of its feet, but is not always hooded.

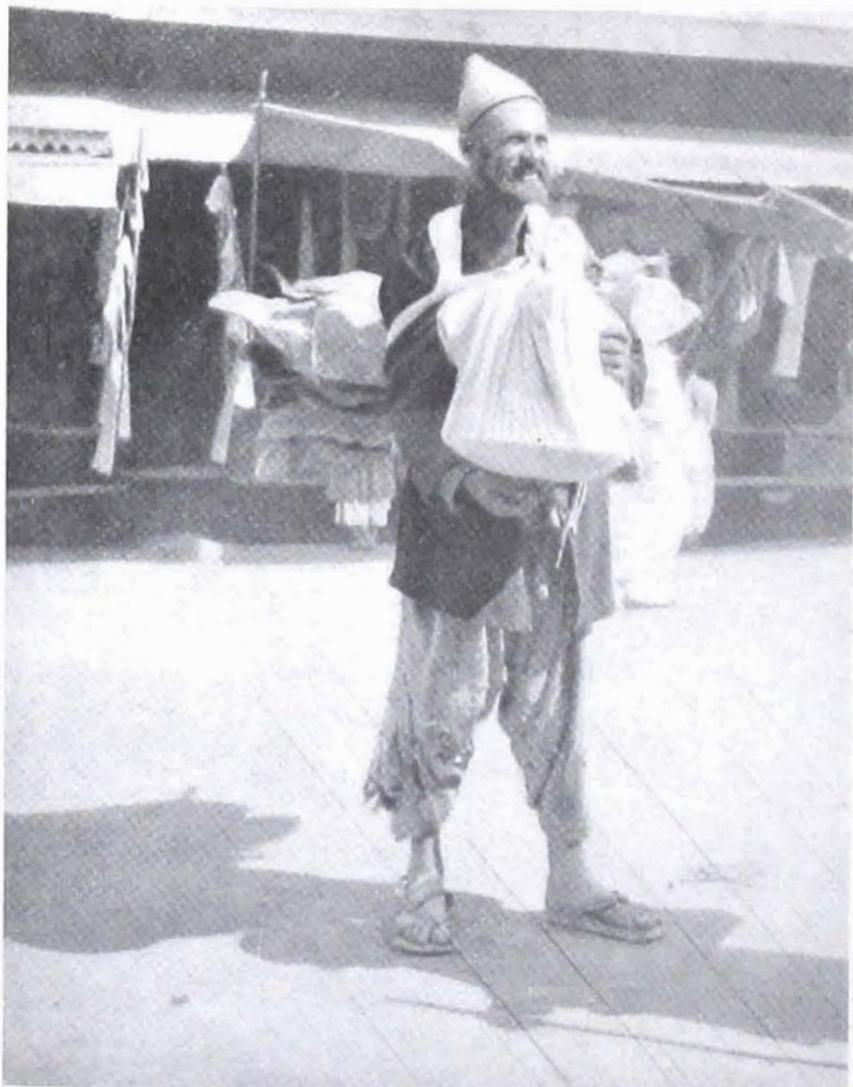


*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

**Sportsmen!**

THE Afghán's sporting instinct makes him an inveterate gambler ; quail-fighting, and the betting which goes with it, are indulged in freely, as cock-fighting was in the West. The old gamester in the first picture carries the birds through the bazaar in cloth-covered wicker cages. The other photograph shows a shop where the fighting birds are sold. The dealer is having a siesta in the door of his shop, with his long-stemmed hookah and his water-bottle at his side.



Photograph by]

[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.



Photograph by]

[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.

THOUGH East and West are held to be so different in thought and ideal, yet one place at least the youth of both love in common—the sweet shop. At the first glance it may appear that the man in the photograph is winding cotton or silk, but the eager interest in the faces of the boys passing by is convincing evidence that after all it is something good to eat. Long strips of sugar molasses are being wound on bamboo poles to dry in the sun in front of the confectioner's shop. To the longing eyes of the Indian boy, the dust and flies which instantly settle and cover its sticky surface, in no way detract from its charm—indeed, they may add to its flavour.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*

**Fly-flavoured Caramel Cream !**

IN the courtyard of his house, which opens out into a narrow alley leading off the busy street of the main bazaar, is a potter at his trade. He sits on the ground, working with his foot a wooden wheel, and, meanwhile, with that marvellous capacity for doing different actions at one time with his different members, which the Indian possesses, he deftly moulds the clay with his hands. A great pile of wet clay, softened with water, is in a hole in the ground at his feet ; this is gradually pushed up by the wheel and kept steadily turning round and round by this simple home-made device. Long practice has made him proficient, and as he shapes vessel after vessel, he separates each with his fingers from the shapeless lump of clay, as he is in the act of doing in the picture. If his fingers should slip and the pot be uneven or imperfect in shape, with a single movement he flattens the clay with his hand, and as it rises higher and higher with each turn of the wheel he moulds it again into another vessel. These, later, are baked, coloured, and glazed ; Peshawar pottery is known especially for its beautiful shades of green and blue.

The potter's son, by every law and custom, will be a potter in his day, as his fathers for generations have been before him.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*

## **In the Hand of the Potter**



F the life of the women of India much has been written, but the casual visitor to the country sees nothing of their home life. The Hindu women are freer, and, as a rule, happier, than their Mohammedan sisters, for they are not kept in seclusion as are the upper-class Indian Moslem women ; and though they are married very young, often when but children, they know something of home life, and many Hindus have but one wife at a time. Since education has made them realize something of its evils, the reformed sects of Hinduism are opposed to child-marriage ; yet it is still the common practice among India's more than three hundred millions.

Every Eastern religion but one degrades women—that one is Christianity, which came to the West brought by Easterns from the East, and for that reason, if for no other, it is up to the West to give it back in these days to the peoples of the East. For it is the position held by the women of any nation that marks its standard of civilization, and it is Christianity, and not civilization, that in spite of failure and faithlessness on her part, has made Britain what she is. It is equally true that no religion degrades women more than Mohammedanism.

The Afghán caravan women are hardy, noisy, and cheerful ; they have not been suppressed by the life of the zenana to which their Indian sisters are doomed, and lead on the whole, free, happy, healthy lives. Yet it must not be supposed that their lot is an easy one, for they are regarded more or less as *property*, and a man values his wife much as he does his sheep, according to the price that he paid down for her. Twelve pounds is not an unusual amount. A case comes to



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

**Hardy, Noisy,  
and Cheerful**

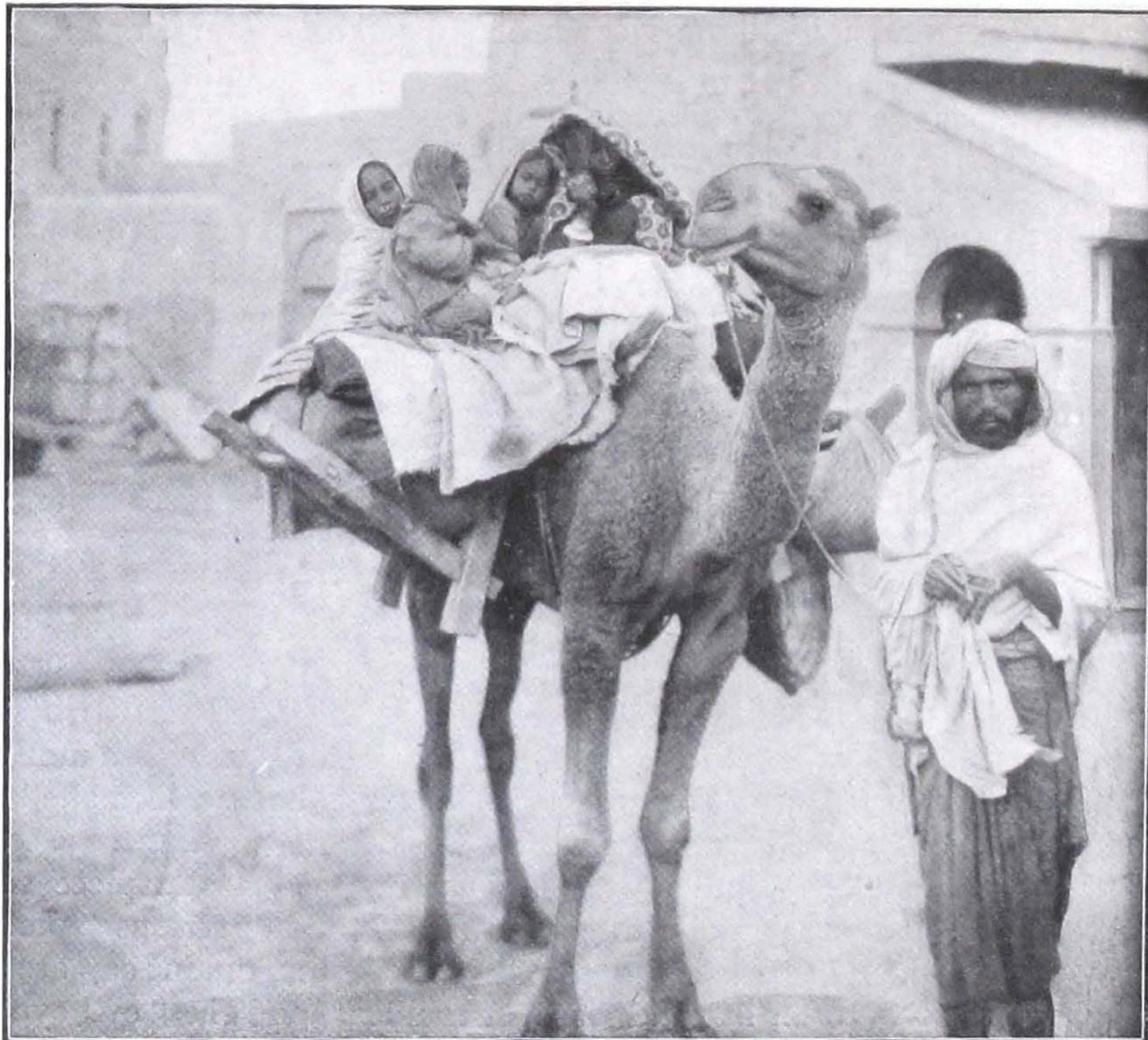
mind of a girl of fifteen who was brought in a miserable anæmic condition to the Peshawar hospital for treatment. After some weeks a man, not her husband, came to take her out of hospital. Being short of money in the bazaar, the husband, it was found, had handed her on to another man for the equivalent of £6 cash, without even troubling to let his girl wife know.

Again, a woman may be worth more than a donkey, or she may not ; that depends on both the donkey and the woman. A Pathán brought his wife to the hospital on a donkey. The poor woman was ill with pneumonia, weak and exhausted. She was at once admitted, and her husband told to take the donkey to the enclosure at the city gate where the animals are housed, and to return to stay with his wife since she might not recover. Looking her up and down he promptly replied : "The woman is weak and ill, she will be safe (that is, not be stolen) ; the donkey is in good condition. I shall stay with the donkey."

It is not unusual to have a woman patient whose nose has been cut off by her good man, perhaps in a fit of passion, or because he intends to divorce her. A girl of sixteen who found her way to the hospital, had had both nose and upper lip cut off in this way ; her husband had married again, for a Mohammedan, if he chooses and can afford it, may have several wives, as did Mohammed himself. The second wife was jealous of the first and had persuaded him to mutilate her thus; it was of course equivalent to divorce.

The woman with the water-pot (p. 42) is named Shahzadgai (Princess) ; she is of the Waziri tribe. Having been shot and stabbed by her husband, she succeeded in escaping and found her way to the mission hospital at Bannu, where she recovered.

Cases which may be termed "lady-bites," though rare are not unknown, where a woman has got her own back through biting a finger off her assailant's hand !



**Arriving at Dera Ismail Khan Hospital**

**S**UCH tales do not mean that all the women are miserable. Far from it, for they take the conditions of their life as a matter of course, just as the women of England take their social equality, their liberty, and their education as a matter of course also.

The Afghán women are attractive in appearance, fair-skinned and ruddy, healthy and happy until disease troubles them, when, through the absolute lack of medical knowledge, it becomes a case of the survival of the fittest and the weakest to the wall. Many a woman whose babe has been born while her clan were on the march, has had to catch up the caravan on foot next day.

The photograph on page 43 is a typical group of caravan women and children, taken in the serai at Jamrud. They go up and down the pass between Kábul and the Frontier with the caravans, living a gipsy life. The women are usually better-looking than the picture suggests, and can manage a camel and level a rifle with the men. Uncivilized and wild though they are, their pluck is extraordinary. A woman has more than once come to the hospital who has rendered first aid to herself by sewing up severe gashes with her own hair and a darning needle ; or a man will show a neat scar—a sword wound stitched up for him in the same way by his sister.

The portrait on this page is of a woman of a Kuchis, the wandering tribe, whose hard, strong face, if not pleasing, is characteristic. This method of hairdressing—a number of minute plaits on each side of her head, according to the particular tribe to which she belongs—does not take up as much time as might be supposed, for it is “done” on an average once a month!

The children are often pretty, and always attractive. The frontispiece shows a little Afridi girl in the Khyber Pass, rather shy, not so much of the mysterious “picture-box” as of the first white man on whom her eyes have rested. All over her quaint cap are sewn charms of silver, nickel, or bone, to ward off harm, disease, or accident, and the “evil eye” in general.



**Tribal Hairdressing**

FOR the upper-class Mohammedan women in India, conditions are different. The picture is not of the "three old maids of Lee," but of veiled Indian women. They are obliged to live in seclusion "behind the purdah"; if the family is of high birth the more strictly is purdah kept. Some, after marriage, are never allowed beyond the walls of their apartments and the women's courtyard, and the house is more of a prison than a home.

To a prize-giving fête for the little Mohammedan and Hindu girls, who attended the mission schools in a city of the Punjab, the ladies of a wealthy house were, under special conditions, allowed to come. Among them was a girl, 19 years old, who had four or five years previously been married into this rich house, and who told the writer that since then she had not once been abroad in daylight save in a closed and darkened carriage. It is suggestive of not merely the physical evils, but the stunted minds that are bound to result from such entire lack of opportunity for mental development. It is India's best who realize to-day that, under the old system, India's women can never be comrades or helpmeets to her men, and one reformed sect, at least, is out for the gradual abolition of the purdah system. The women of the poorer classes are, however, better off, for they are allowed to walk or drive in the streets, but they wear the *burkha* when out-of-doors, as the women are doing in the picture. It is a long, full, white garment, which completely covers them. In front of the eyes is a small piece of openwork embroidery through which the wearer can see sufficiently to go about.

The women are standing in the compound of the hospital at Peshawar, for they and the Afghán women alike need medical treatment, and the women's out-patient room forms common ground for those who otherwise rarely meet and are not friends. While the Afghán women speak Pushtu in varying dialects, the city women speak Urdu or Punjabi; it is not unusual for five languages to be in use at one time in the wards of the hospital.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*

**Three Old Maids of Lee !**

D

BEING women, their tendencies are not diverse from those of their sisters in the West; so, as they return to their homes in the city, they stop at the drapers' shops to criticize the materials which are hung outside, or to haggle over a bargain. But neither such vanities, nor the chopped sugar-cane which a sweet-seller squatting in front of the shop has to sell, attract the two young students who pass quickly by.

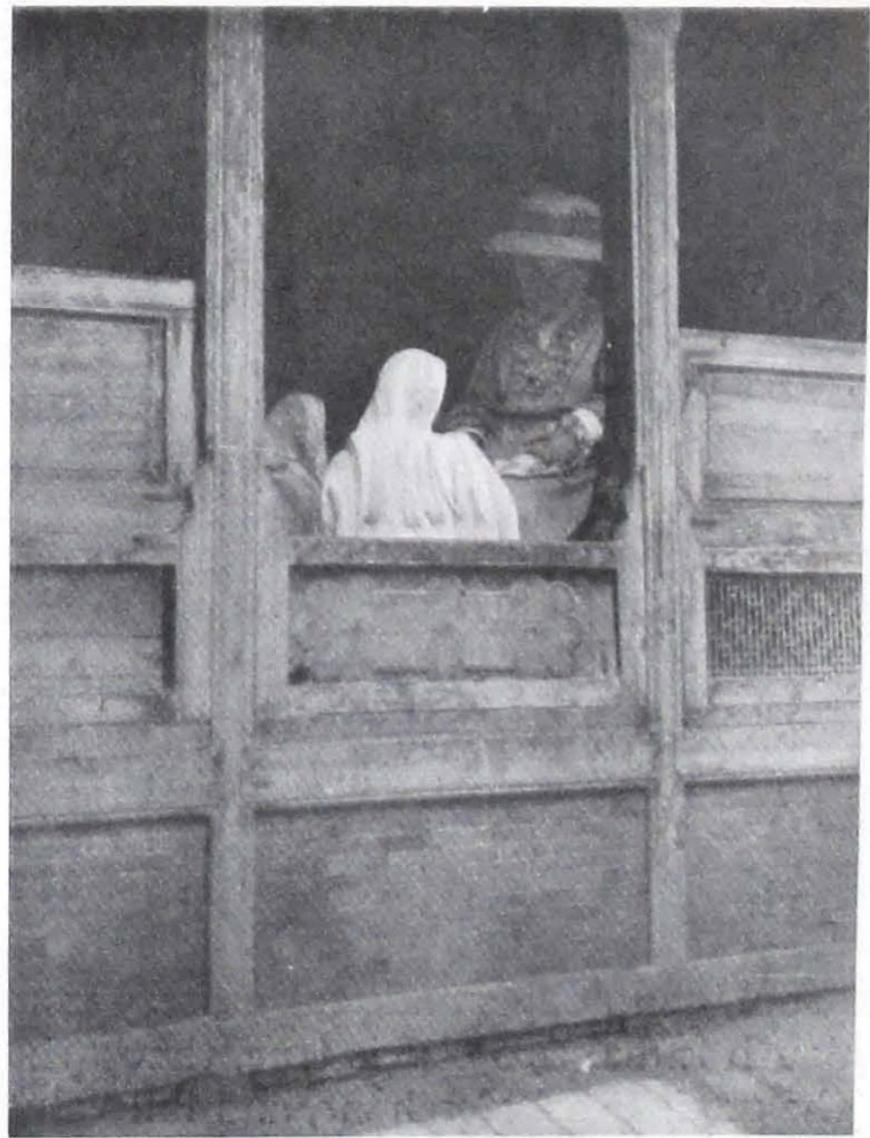
A FEW—a very few—of the many thousands of the secluded women of the Indian zenanas are visited in their houses by English women; and such a visit, in a life monotonous in the extreme, is a breath from the outside world, and a treat to which the women greatly look forward. This photograph, taken by a woman from the inner courtyard of the women, is of a zenana, and therefore an unusual one. The Indian girls and the English lady are in deep conversation. The former have put garlands of flowers round the visitor's neck as an expression of welcome. They are learning, at their own request, to read, to knit, or embroider, or they are hearing news of the Great War, or the greater news of the Christ.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

## **Peshawar's "Oxford Street"**



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

## **A Rare and Welcome Visitor**

BUT there is another class of women of whom still less is known by English women in India, even by those who are more or less acquainted with Indian life. They are the nautch-girls, who, had they been other than professional dancers, with all that that stands for, would on no account have stood for their portraits with bold faces and uncovered heads. But since they are here, their faces are worth a study. Intelligent, handsome, strong, and bold ; it is clear that they are picked girls, while the faces of the onlookers, who in this picture are all men, are suggestive of the trade they ply.

The girls are carefully chosen for their grace and beauty, and are trained from early childhood in the nautch. While the money, gaudy dresses, tinsel, and jewels naturally have their attraction for these young girls, they are dedicated to a profession which is considered honourable, but a life which is wholly evil. Perhaps the words of Donald Hankey, though they were not written for such as these, are true with regard to them : "It made me angry when they cast their pearls before swine ; yet somehow there didn't seem anywhere else for them to throw them. We had a feeling that they ought to have been able to lay their pearls at the feet of the great Pearl Merchant ; . . . there seemed no legitimate use for their gifts." \* This is true, for as yet so little is done to cope with this problem, and public opinion on this matter is not awake. But where such as these are redeemed in body and soul, as in the wonderful nursery homes for little rescued "temple-girls" at Dohnavur, in South India, this also is true, that "the swine no longer get their pearls ; they are bought by the great Pearl Merchant, and full value given."

\* "A Student in Arms."



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

**Tarnished  
Gold**

THE nautch here photographed is held at the yearly celebration of the Moharram, and is part of the programme of this religious festival. In the East these evils are done *in the name of religion* ; though in the West so much impurity exists, it is carried on *in spite of* the white ideal of the religion of the Christ—the difference is infinite.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*



*Photograph by]*

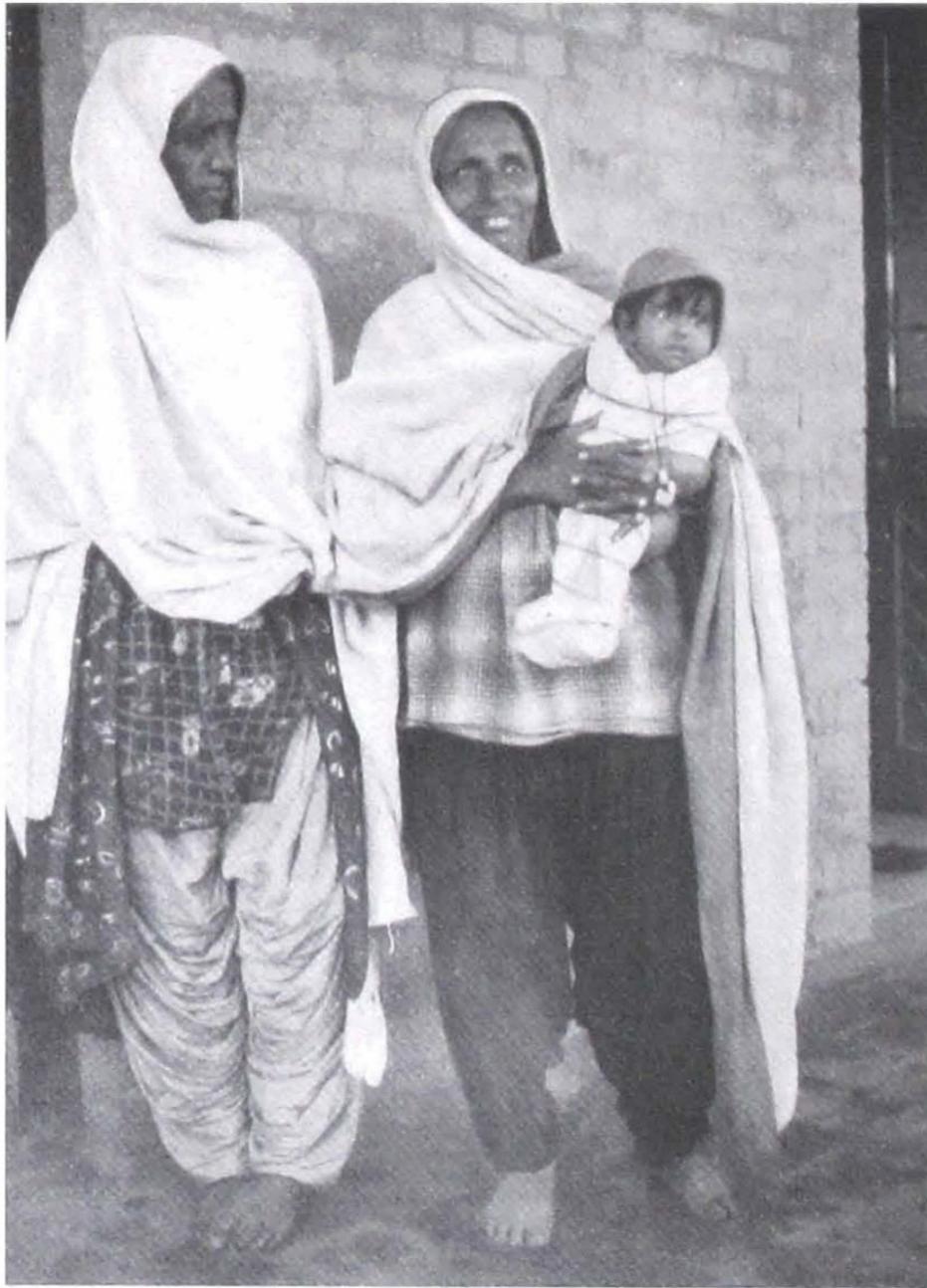
*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*



ABIES are babies all the world over, and the Indian baby, even when dirty, is wholly attractive ! The Frontier baby, for the first three months of life, is kept wrapped up in swaddling clothes, composed of several yards of cloth wound round its little body, with arms and legs straight and stiff by its side, and the whole " parcel " firmly tied with cord. If asked the reason for this practice, the mother will say that it is to prevent her babe from getting tired while it is very young ; certainly it has one advantage in that it prevents the arms or legs getting broken through careless handling. The inset is of a swaddled Afghán baby from the hills, and

opposite is a city baby with its mother and grandmother ; both babies were patients in the hospital. Fear and fatalism hold the women especially in their grip, and charms, such as hang round the baby's neck, are worn as a preventive of bad fortune and disease.

Another curious custom of Afghán women is that, until the baby is forty days old, or, as they would say, " started in life," the mother carries everywhere about with her a large knife, or grass-sickle, to keep " the evil eye " off her child. She will come to the hospital, her baby in one hand and a knife in the other ; and on one occasion, while the doctor was operating on an infant, its mother, with a look of fear on her face, sat outside the closed door of the operating-theatre, slowly waving her knife before the key-hole to scare off any evil spirit which might take her child from her, when she was not there to protect it. Such is the power of fear and the deep-rooted superstition which the hospitals seek to undermine.



UP in the hill districts the women may be seen climbing with their babies strapped on their backs, while the trans-frontier women carry their babies, until they are 2 or 3 years old, in flat baskets on their heads. The photograph is of a group of women of the Afridi tribe, who have come down from the country of Tirah to bring their children to be vaccinated, for they dread smallpox and believe in the preventive. The baskets on their heads are for the babies! The women wear the typical Afridi dress, a short full tunic and tight trousers gathered in from the knee to the ankle. Their clothes are dyed black, but often have a border of red and yellow embroidery. On the front of the tunic are sewn charms or rupees, while some of the women are wearing medals which have been given to their men-folk by the British Government for service in one or another of the Frontier expeditions.

It was after the Sikh War that the Afridis took service in the Indian Army; but it was the second Afghán War of 1878 that left the Khyber tribes under British control. An ample sum was paid monthly to the Afridis, and for this subsidy the tribesmen undertook to guard the pass, while local levies from this and other tribes were raised for escorting the caravans safely through the Khyber. In 1897, after disturbances all along the Frontier, the Afridis sacked Lundi Kotal at the summit of the pass; the Tirah campaign followed in punishment, and there was a re-settlement with the tribe.

Perhaps no single tribe has given more trouble to the British Government, or work to the British Army in the matter of punitive expeditions, than the Afridis. Ungovernable, fierce, and hot-tempered, they are warm-hearted and respond to kindness. The first photograph on page 61 is of a young Afridi woman, who, after herself being treated successfully at the hospital in 1914, came down each succeeding spring for the next three years, bringing men and women of her tribe who themselves needed treatment. The baby is sucking a stick of sugar-cane with great relish.



## Awaiting Vaccination



ESHÁWAR was also the goal of the woman in the second photograph. She came not only that her children might be cured at the hospital, but to draw her separation allowance, for her husband was fighting in France. Her inquiries as to what and where was "Pranz" were answered, and she took with her an illustrated newspaper, which in the picture she has entrusted to her eldest child. It will be the talk of her village when she returns. It was in ways such as this that true war news was spread, and some of the false bazaar rumours contradicted ; and many were the inquiries by men from over the border as to the real progress of the War.

One of the chief characteristics of the Afgháns is the blood-feud system, or vendetta, which is carried on by the Afridis with conspicuous zeal. A quarrel begins between two families or clans, started by the theft of a goat or a girl, and the party who have been wronged wait their chance to pick off some one on the enemy's side in revenge, or, as they themselves would put it, "to save their honour." Their opponents must, in their turn, get their revenge, and so the endless vendetta goes on, sometimes for generations.

The inset is of an Afghani woman, who brought her grandson, a child of 6, to the Pesháwar hospital with a bullet in his shoulder. The character of the old lady can easily be seen, as by voice and gesture she explains how the child was shot ; that in this case he is the last male representative of the family, and that it now rests with the child to get back the honour of the clan as soon as he is grown. In an extreme case such as this, even the women take their part ; and a woman once came to the hospital who was herself responsible for the death of fourteen men, and proud of it. The honour of the family had rested with her, and she had regained it !

Girls with bullet wounds are occasional patients ; and in the spring of 1920 a baby in arms was brought in, shot through the thigh ; the same shot had killed the mother.

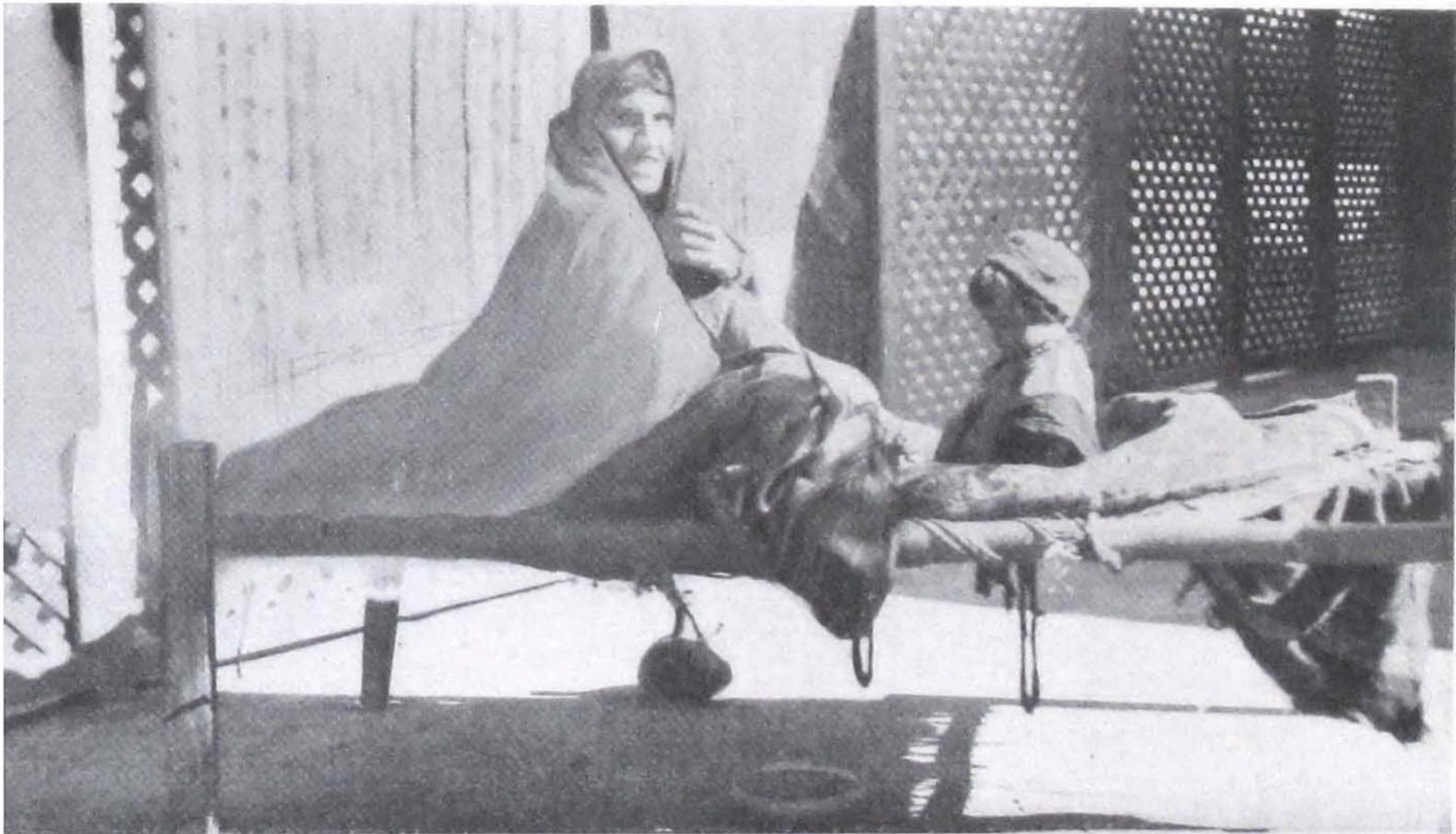


**Patients  
at  
Peshawar**



A BLIND old Afghán begged that enough sight might be restored to him to enable him to use his rifle. The reason he gave was, that he had not yet avenged the death of his son, who had been killed some ten years before. With no idea of the value of life, and reckless of their own, it is their "honour" alone that matters. The Frontier mission hospitals are out to give a new idea of "honour," and a practical meaning to the message of the Master : "Love your enemies." Many a British bullet is removed from Afghán patients. This was especially the case after the Afghán War of 1919, when the Pesháwar hospital made quite a collection of British bullets. The medical work is in itself a language without words, that is not misunderstood by the border people ; it is helping in a practical way to keep the peace on the Frontier, and to undermine the blood-feud system. In 1916, while a British expedition was out against the Mohmands beyond Shabqadr, a woman of that tribe came for treatment to the hospital. When asked where she belonged, she fearlessly replied : "I'm a Mohmand." And to the question : "Do you expect at a time like this to receive treatment and healing in a British hospital—aren't we enemies?" she promptly answered : "Oh, that does not matter here!" Which was true. The photograph shows a Mohmand woman and her child in the serai or family wards.

Sometimes it comes about that the injured parties of both sides of a quarrel are brought into hospital. On one occasion two brothers who had had a free fight and both received injuries in the head—the one two and the other three wounds—were brought in unconscious and put side by side in one of the surgical wards. The brothers treated the hospital as neutral ground. They appeared quite friendly, and each took a lively interest in the progress of the other. Indeed, there was great rivalry, for the one who should first be well enough to leave hospital would have the advantage, because he would be at liberty to watch for his brother when *he* should leave and the feud would start over again.



**Mohmand Woman and Child**



EVERY hospital in the East has to cope with many forms of eye disease and much blindness. The photograph is of two old Afghani women, one quite blind from cataract, who has been led to the *Shifakhana* or house-of-healing, by her friend.

At one hospital, which can only be kept open for six weeks each year, and which is used mainly for eye work, in those few weeks in the spring of 1920 more than 7000 new patients were seen, and over 2500 operations were performed, and this by a staff of but three English doctors and their Indian assistants! All previous records were beaten, for 1265 of the operations were for blindness caused by cataract, and most of these patients got back good vision. Ninety-one such cases were performed in one day! Is any work more worth while, or calculated to exert a greater influence? More than half a ton of rice is needed daily to feed the patients and their friends in this hospital; but the cost of this, as well as the entire upkeep of the work during those six weeks, is paid, year by year, by a wealthy Hindu gentleman, whose father, in the first instance, built the hospital and invited the mission doctors to be his guests.

The inset is of an old Afghani lady who came in quite blind and has got back her sight, for which she is very grateful. Her action in the photograph is neither rude nor vulgar, though to a British person it looks it! The camera has caught her showing, by the gesture used by her tribe, her respect and gratitude to the doctor before she leaves to return with her son to her distant home. Her spectacles she calls her "new eyes"!



د دین کتابون  
د دین کتابون دین  
کتاب پر شیر

**Blind !**

E

THE modes of travel beyond the Frontier are primitive. The first snapshot shows men of the "Ibrahim-Khel" (*i.e.* the tribe of Abraham) arriving on camel-back at the hospital.

The second shows how a helpless patient is fastened on. A young man with a bullet in his shoulder and a fractured thigh, the result of a blood-feud in a part of Afghánistan beyond Kábul, from which he comes, has been brought down by his mother. That sturdy old lady has walked the 190 miles, leading the camel, taking some weeks to do the journey, with the hope of saving her son's life as her motive power. The man is roped to a plank of wood, with cross pieces at either end for support, and the whole firmly roped on the side of the camel, with the baggage fastened on the other side to balance him. It is suggestive of the pluck of the Afghán that he arrives with a broad grin on his face, though the long journey in this fashion could not have afforded him much pleasure.

The third snapshot is of a man with a badly smashed leg, who has travelled roped on to a native wooden bedstead tied lengthways across the back of a small hill-pony—no easy matter, for the patient, as well as his brother who brought him, was six feet four in height. He was more refined and more grateful than many, and on leaving he asked for the Christian book to take away with him, so that he might by reading it find out why so much trouble was taken for a stranger, such as he, in "the house of healing."

Mission hospitals exist in many lands, but among Moslem peoples they are of paramount importance. To Moslems, Christians of whatever rank or profession they be, are enemies, and nowhere more so than among the fanatical Afgháns. They must somehow be convinced that Christians can be their friends, and the practical exhibition of love and service in the hospitals gives a totally new idea of Christianity. To break down prejudice and opposition is an important step in keeping the peace.



## Modes of Conveyance



This has been fully realized by many of those in authority both in the past and present. The Peshawar mission to the Afghans was founded by the faith and courage of a soldier. The late Colonel W. J. Martin had already by his energy and liberality enabled mission work to be begun in Amritsar. Arriving with his regiment at Peshawar, he soon approached the local government with a view to the commencement of similar work there. His application was refused ; but after the death of the Commissioner (by assassination), Major Martin renewed his appeal. The mission was allowed ; and the preliminary meeting to consider the matter was presided over by the Commissioner himself, Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B. This was on 19 December, 1853. Major Martin organized all the secular work of the mission, kept the accounts, and built the mission school, which even throughout the dark days of the Mutiny of 1857, was never closed. It was the first educational institution of any sort established on the North-West Frontier ; and the first examination in that school was conducted by Lord Lawrence himself. Boys of the mission school have won their way to high positions where integrity and truth are most needed—such as Divisional Judge in the Civil Service, Subadar-Major in the Indian Army, and Indian Political Officer under the Foreign Office.

Twenty-one officers and eight civilians in 1854 signed a letter to the Church Missionary Society, asking it to start medical work in Peshawar, and the present mission hospital, built in 1907, has a ward named after the Chief Commissioner, Sir Herbert Edwardes, who contributed towards it. In the women's mission hospital in the city is a ward built by members of the family of Lady Lawrence (wife of Sir George Lawrence), who was the first English woman to live in Peshawar ; the ward is intended as a memorial of her imprisonment during the Sikh War of 1848. And in more recent times, not a few of those who are serving the Empire in India have in their service believed in and served the Kingdom of God.



**An Old  
Soldier**

THE old soldier on the previous page is an Afghán, who was on active service in the time of Sir Louis Cavagnari, and is said to be over a hundred years old. He is a well-known figure round Pesháwar, and a not infrequent visitor at the hospital.

“ The intrigues and treachery of the Afghán Government during the 'seventies are too well known to need repetition ; but the British Ambassador had among his faithful friends Lucas Joseph [the Armenian Governor already referred to, see page 24]. It was on the evening of 2 September, 1879, that Lucas determined to go and warn his friend of his imminent danger and the plots thickening around him. He found his way to the Ambassador's house and was readily granted an interview. Far into the night they talked, but such black treachery was inconceivable to the mind of so noble and true a man as Cavagnari. The unheeded warning was amply justified in the tragedy that followed. The very next day, as Cavagnari returned from his morning ride, and his guard of seventy men of the famous Guides regiment were watering their horses and taking their ease, Afghán soldiery, frenzied with fanaticism and thirsting for Christian blood, burst out upon them. The faithful Guides rallied round the four English officers, and again and again charged the maniacal crowd. But one by one the officers were slain, and the loyal guard, scorning all offers of surrender and a free pass with ample rewards, were slain to a man.” \* Three weeks later, Lord Roberts arrived in Kábul on his punitive expedition, and the Armenian found many ways in which he could be of use to that great man, although at the risk of his own life.

This interesting picture—a valued possession of the writer, whose father began work in Pesháwar in 1863—is of the treacherous Amir of Afghánistan, Yakub Khán, and the British Ambassador, murdered with his suite but one month after his arrival in Kábul. At the Amir's left sits his Prime Minister, on whose face already rests the lowering cloud of dark deeds to come.

\* From “The Moslem World,” January, 1920.



THE hospital serai, collectively known as the "family wards," is a unique institution.

On the opposite side from the men's courtyard, where are the male surgical and medical wards, is the courtyard of the serai, with twenty or thirty small rooms running round it, and trees in the centre, beneath which the patients sit. The uncivilized trans-frontier folk would never leave their children alone among strangers; but here whole families are housed, the patient is clothed and fed, while the relatives and friends go in and out, and look after themselves and to a certain extent the patient. This is a more ideal arrangement than it sounds, for it disarms suspicion and brings a far larger number of people under the friendly influence of the hospital. The British nursing-sister—there is seldom more than one available for each hospital—superintends the work and the training of the Indian male nurses and orderlies.

The small 12-year-old motherless girl in the picture was in one of the family wards, with her old father and little brother to look after her. Though family affection is strong among the Afgháns, seldom is so much trouble taken for a girl as for Guldána, whose name means "Rosebud" or "Small Rose." She came from beyond Kábul; and since her father was not sufficiently well off to own a camel, she rode the 200 miles from her home on a cow! The journey took six weeks or so. The child had been ill for three years with a cancerous tumour on her leg. Perhaps the father had not heard till then of such a place as the hospital; perhaps he dared not undertake the journey before and leave his flocks and his land to probable pillage. At any rate, by the time she reached the hospital she was incurable but by the immediate amputation of the leg. She was a gentle, attractive child, and her grief was great when, after learning to walk with crutches, she had at last to start off on the long return journey mounted, as she had come, on the old black cow, with her crutches tied on beside her. "You are to me as both father and mother," she had said to the sister, the writer of this book.



**“You are to me as both father and  
mother,” she said**

FEW of those who live in India, unless they know the work of the hospitals from the inside, have any idea of the appalling and perfectly unnecessary suffering due to ignorance, malpractice, and deliberate cruelty. Such cases fill the wards, but the vast majority of sufferers receive no skilled medical aid. The valuable work of all hospitals—whether government, philanthropic, or mission—should be fully recognized. But it is at the same time apparent that no medical work has a deeper influence than that of the mission hospitals ; for while others treat the needs of the body alone, the mission hospitals treat *the whole man*--body, mind, and spirit—at the same time. Hygiene, sanitation, and cleanliness are impressed ; the old superstition and belief in cures wrought by charms, or by propitiating unfriendly spirits, is combated.

The new science of psychotherapy has unintentionally given a new value to the work of medical missions in the eyes of modern thinking people. Perhaps a study of the faces in the opposite photograph explains the greater work of medical missions ; the contrast is suggestive—indeed, the picture might be called “reconstruction.” The three men are of one family : two brothers on the right, and the man on the left their uncle. They belong to Kafiristan, a secluded part of Afghánistan. Kafiristan, or “the land of unbelievers,” was ceded to the Amir of Afghánistan after the British Expedition of 1895. Its people were then forced to accept the faith of Islám, and the country was re-named by the Mohammedans Nuristan, “the land of light.” The man in the centre is the only man from Kafiristan who has ever become a Christian. He is that valuable combination—an educated Indian gentleman and a genuine Christian. He is a doctor as well ; and though for thirty years it had been impossible for him to get in touch with his own people, when they required medical aid it was to the hospital at Pesháwar, where he was the house-surgeon, that they journeyed.

It is because real Christianity is known to be such a valuable and uplifting force that so many imitation Christians exist, in India as elsewhere ; just as it is equally true that forged pennies are far more rare than counterfeit five-pound notes !



**Reconstruction!**

BUT from lands still farther off than Kafiristan, patients find their way to one or another of the chain of hospitals belonging to the Church Missionary Society along the North-West Frontier of India. These are a few of a party of some thirty men and boys from Russian Turkestan, who travelled 400 miles to reach Peshawar, *the nearest hospital!* Such a journey is no easy matter, for strangers are not allowed into Afghánistan, and special permission had to be obtained to pass through that country ; it was necessary, too, that an interpreter should accompany them. They are wearing the loose-sleeved coats of padded cotton, or leather lined with fur, and the fur cap worn by Russian peasantry. Their features are Mongolian in type—in marked contrast to the narrow face, high cheek-bones, and hooked nose of the Afghán. The figure on the left is a man, not a woman ; no woman of Central Asia is as yet within reach of any skilled medical aid at all. Patients who have come from these distant lands have been known to take four months or more to reach the hospital, and they cannot bring their families with them on such a journey.

It is from this region of Russian Turkestan that the threatening clouds of Bolshevism are now advancing ; for its agents are hard at work, while its propaganda floods Afghánistan, and its influence has penetrated to the Court of the Amir. This lends a new note of urgency to the work of the hospitals along the British Frontier, for their influence is the great power for good and for right which is felt all over the country through the seventy or eighty thousand patients who are annually treated, and who then return to their mountain valleys and homes.



**From Russian Turkestan**



LEAVING the borders of Afghánistan proper there lies beyond British India, on the north-east, the country of Kashmir—the “Switzerland of Asia.”

Nowhere are such contrasts to be seen side by side as in and around India—severe cold and great heat, fertile and barren, cultivated and wild, civilized and barbaric. Extremes literally meet in climate, in country, and in people. The mountains of Afghánistan are barren, wild, and rocky, while those of Kashmir are covered with magnificent forests and green flower-strewn pastures; through the valleys clear, glacier-fed streams flow into the Jhelum river, whose waters join the mighty Indus, from which the “Continent” of India takes her name. The people of Afghánistan are fierce, stalwart highlanders in contrast with the Kashmiri, who is poor in character and without fighting instinct. Afghánistan is wholly Moslem, while in Kashmir, though the people are largely Moslem, the Maharaja and official class are Hindu.

The old man squatting contentedly awaiting his orders, is a typical Kashmiri boatman. Men and women alike wear the *pirran*—a loose, cotton, shirt-like garment; and rumour has it, that when Alexander the Great reached Kashmir, he found its people so restless and feeble, that after an easy victory, he ordained that men should wear the garment of the women as a mark of subjugation.

Kashmir is a well-known holiday resort, and there could be no greater contrast to the dry, hot, airless, stifling plains of India than the beauty of Kashmir in the summer months. No one who has not spent hours of rest, boating on the waters of the Dhal Lake, can know the



*Photograph by]*

[*Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*

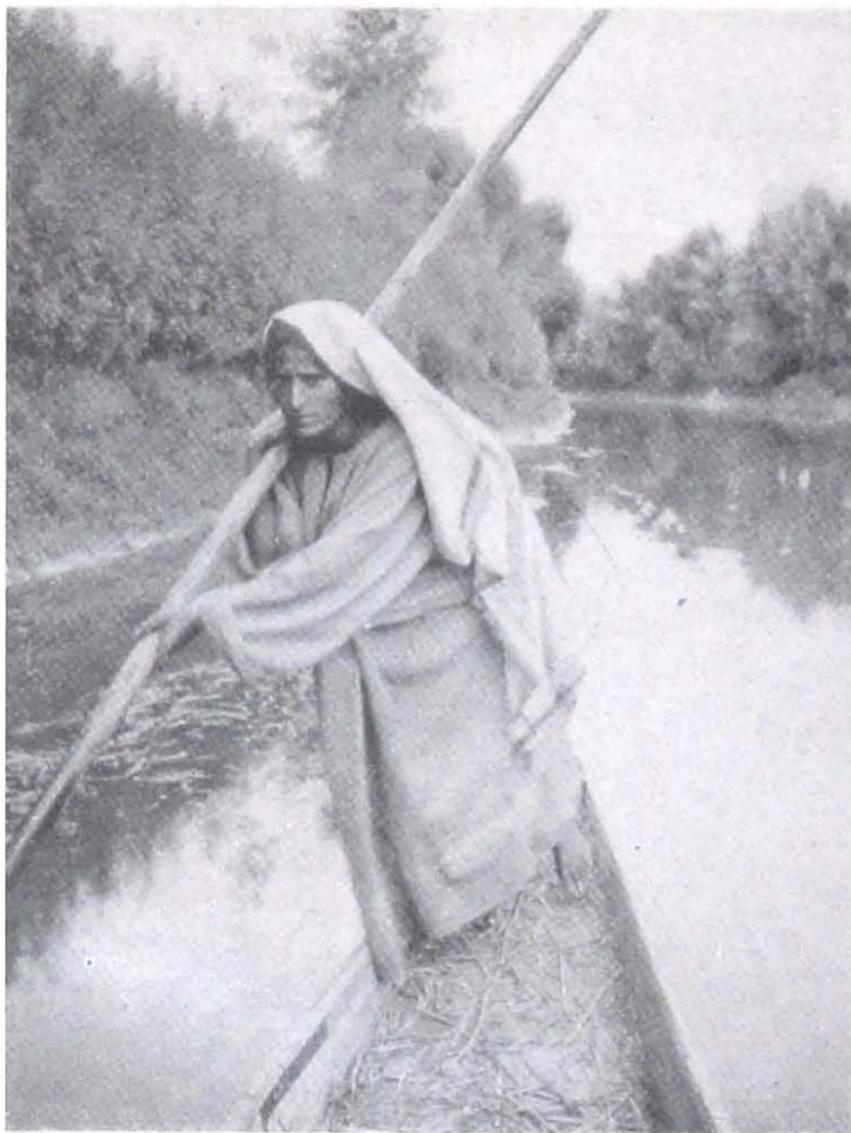
**Knave or Fool?**

spell of that enchanted land. In the inset, the boat (page 78) has run her nose lazily into a lotus-bed, and the Kashmiri boat-baby seizes with delight and triumphantly waves her prize—a perfect pink flower on a stem as tall as herself. The distance behind her is suggestive of all the soft beauty of the blue hills, reflected in the clear water; while in the foreground is blended every tint and colour: the green upper surface of the huge lotus-leaves, the rich red-brown of their under-sides, and the shell-pink of the large flowers, raising their heads here and there, two or even three feet above the surface of the lake.

The first picture on the opposite page shows a boat-woman punting up stream, where the banks of the Jhelum narrow near Islámabad, beyond which the river is unnavigable.

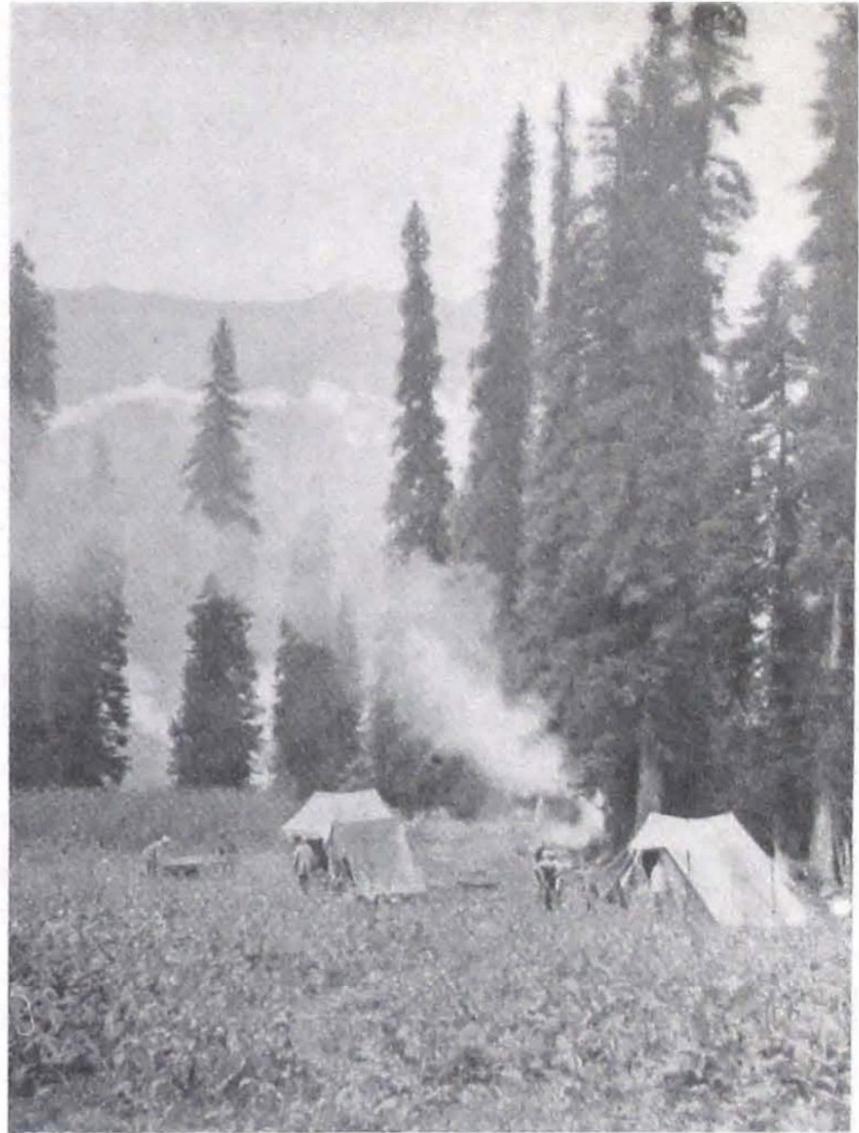


HOUGH the lakes in the valley may cast their spell, the heights have a still greater charm. Whether it be to hunt *bara sing* ("the twelve-horned stag"), the red or black bear; or for the unsurpassed pleasure of climbing up and up till a peak or a pass is reached, from which a panorama meets the eye of range upon range of still greater mountains, their rock summits separated by grey glaciers and glistening snow slopes; or the flowers and glades of the forest; or the lonely moraine, the haunt of the shrill, whistling marmot;—every one can find occupation and recreation to his taste. Camping in the mountains forms an ideal holiday; and the height of the fir-trees, and the mass of flowers in the foreground of the picture, give but a faint idea of the scenic beauty of Kashmir.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

## **Holiday Joys**

IN Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, is a large mission hospital, which ranks second to none in India for its efficiency and its results. Indeed, with its airy wards, its electric installation, X-rays, and modern appliances, it can hold its own when compared with a similar general hospital in England. From all over Kashmir, from Yarkand, and from farther still, patients travel to the hospital ; for to Srinagar comes the trade from Ladákh, or Lesser Tibet, and even from Tibet itself. The medical mission work in Kashmir was first begun at the definite request of British officers, who, when in that country, observed how much suffering and destitution there was among the people.

The girl is a Kashmiri hill-girl, wearing, according to custom, twenty or thirty glass bracelets on each arm ; the boy is a Ladákhí, tramping over the pass.

Living, as do the people of Tibet, remote from civilization and the life of India, they are extremely simple and unspoilt in their character and habits. Turquoises, sapphires, rubies, and other stones are found in abundance in Tibet, and the people exchange these and furs for grain and supplies. Matches are a luxury, and a matchbox a gift which is greatly prized. In the picture the lad is holding his tinder-box, for the primitive method of flint and steel is still their way of striking a light.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

THE Ladákhí are an honest people, not without humour, as the expressions on their faces in these photographs show. The ladies are not behind the men in wit and good-humour. In one of the pictures a Ladákhí is seen leading his yak, the beast of burden of Tibet.

Tibet, with its capital Lhassa, is under the power of the Buddhist priests ; but at Leh, the chief town of Lesser Tibet, stands an outpost of medical missions. The English missionary and his wife (both doctors) who work in this little isolated hospital, under the Moravian Mission, are cut off by snow for eight months of the year from Srinagar, sixteen days' journey over the passes, where are their nearest British neighbours and civilization. This hospital has the distinction of being the only one in that vast land of Tibet ; and its staff are probably the only English people who live all the year round at a height of over 11,000 feet above sea level. In Leh there is now a British Political Officer, who is on the staff of the Kashmir Presidency.





*Photograph by]*

[*Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*]

## **Travellers from “The Roof of the World”**

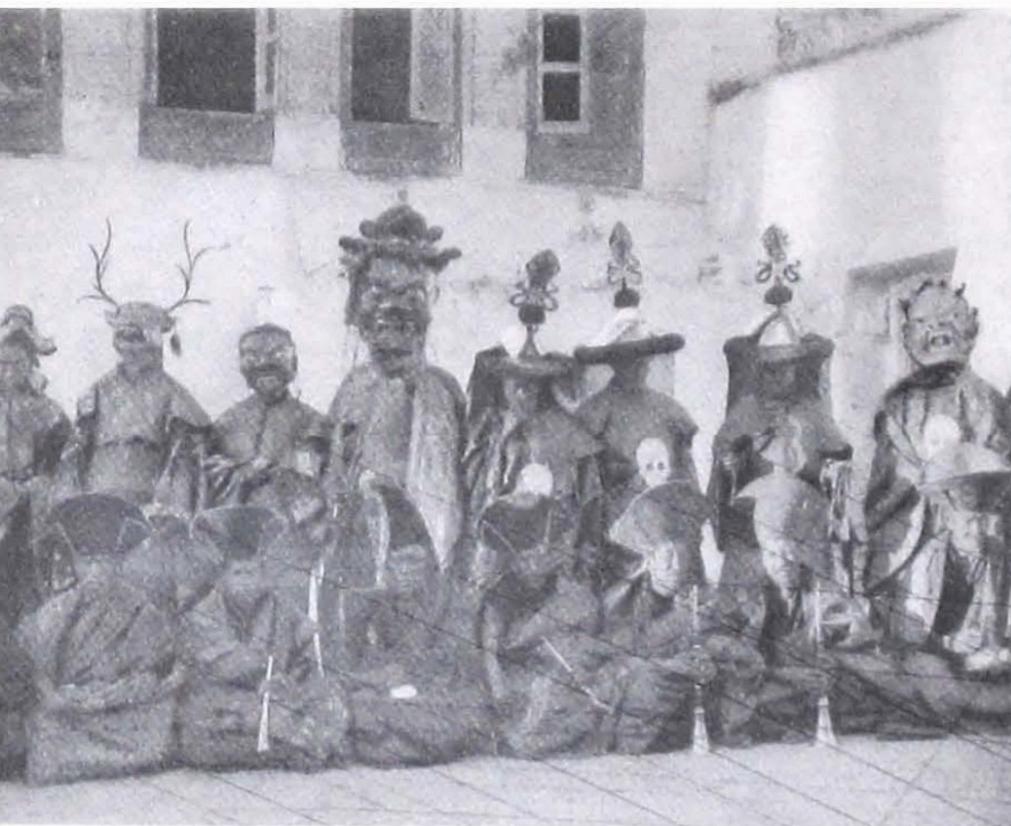


*Photograph by]*

[*Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*]



POSITION to the opening up of Tibet comes chiefly from the lama priests, who live in monasteries and are wealthy landowners. In one of the largest and most famous monasteries, that of Hemis, situated a few miles from Leh, the great religious masquerade known as the Devil Dance is held annually. It takes some seven or eight hours to perform, and is witnessed by hundreds of spectators. It is a weird and wholly unique spectacle, allegorical in its meaning, and might be compared to the morality plays of the West. The actors are mitred lamas and red-robed priests, while others wear grinning masks or life-sized heads of strange animals representing demons and spirits good and evil. Their movements are slow and stately, as they revolve in a circle in the courtyard of the temple where the dance is held, accompanied by strange music, drums, and cymbals.



**The “Devil Dance”**



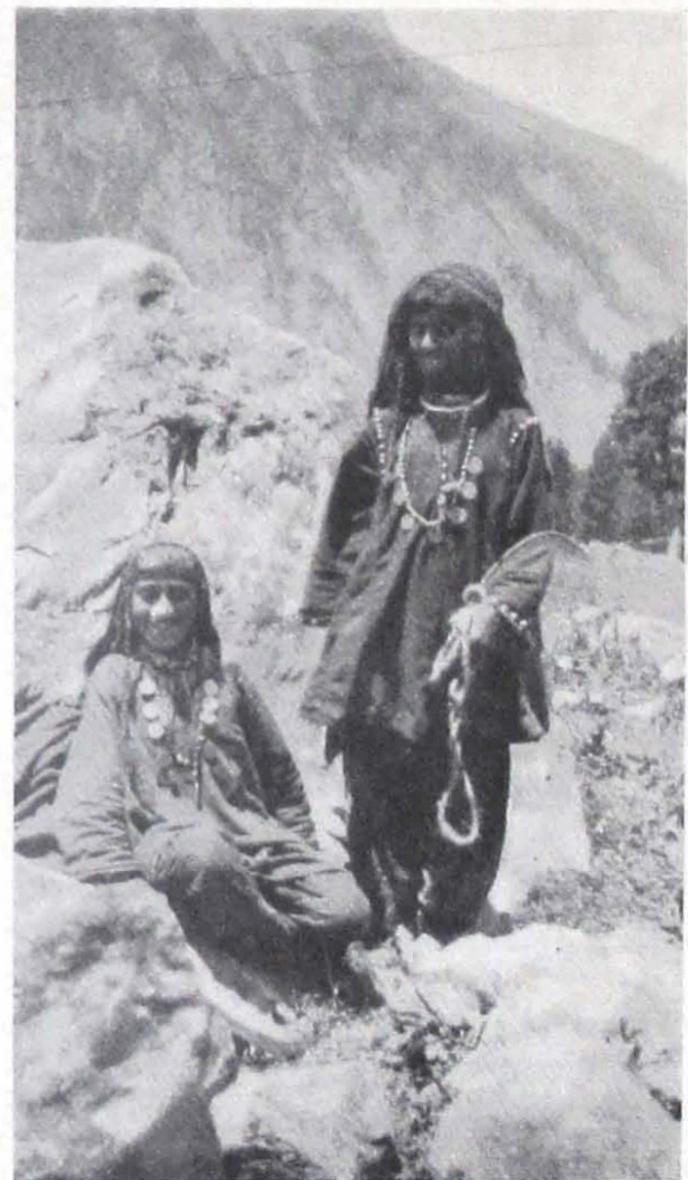
Men of other types may be met by the visitor as he climbs the valleys and mountains of Kashmir. There are the *gujar* people, the herdsmen of the Punjab, who, when the burning heat of summer dries up the produce of the fields of India, drive the cattle, sheep, and goats up from the plains to the luxuriant pasture slopes of Kashmir. They live a simple life among the hills, making huts for themselves of birch bark and branches, which at night they share with their flocks for warmth. The rough shelter in the picture stood below the great Kolahoi glacier, at a height of 14,000 feet.

Though the life is pleasant, it is not without risk, for should the animals stray and not be found, they may fall a prey to the leopards or bears of the forest, and the gujars are responsible to the cattle-owners for every head in the herd.



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*



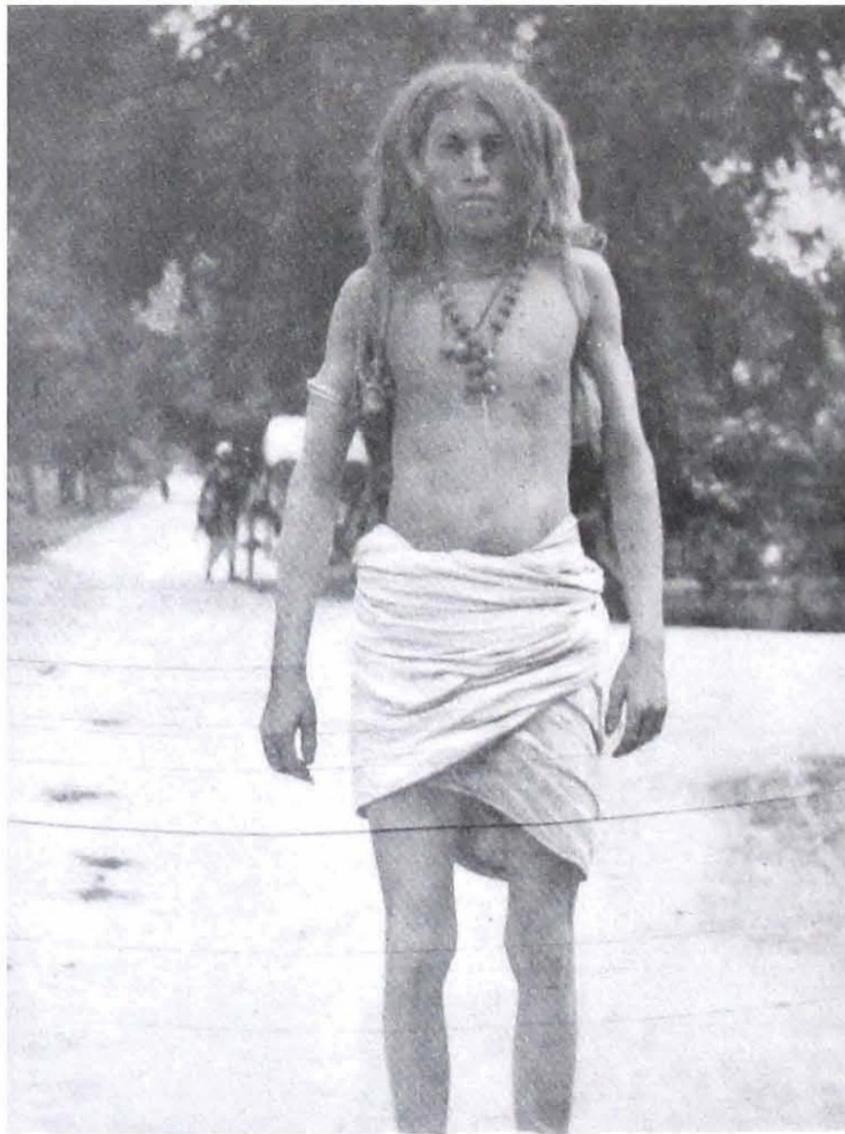
## **Gujar Folk**



THE type of Hindu pilgrim seen in the photograph is a familiar sight in Kashmir. They believe the source of the sacred river Ganges to be in the weird cavern at the head of the Liddar Valley, in the interior of which is the frozen spring whose great ice-pile holds the spirit of the gods. The stream issuing from this cave of Ambernáth is in reality one of the sources of the Jhelum, while "the sacred Ganges" rises some 200 miles from this spot, on the other side of the mountains! Ambernath is a place of special pilgrimage for devout Hindus from all parts of India, and many who come from the heat of the plains suffer great privations, and some even die on the way. The Maharaja of Kashmir, himself a Hindu, has

built huts to provide shelter for the pilgrims along the last part of the route ; and in the months of early summer the strange sight is to be seen of numbers of these "holy" men, their bodies unclothed and smeared with white ashes, tramping along the road into Kashmir. Cholera and other evils are not infrequently introduced into the country by the pilgrims, who, as may be judged by the picture, are anything but "holy," with faces often low and sensual to a degree, hair long and matted, and the Hindu idol-marks painted in red or white on the forehead. Cleanliness is not "next to godliness" with these ascetics, and, indeed, neither the one nor the other is required of a "holy man"!

In the inset are two Moslems : their devotions showing the first two positions in prayer, as regulated by the religion of Islám, which lays great importance on externals and conformity to rules.



*Photograph by]*

[*Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.*

**“The Simple Life”**

IN contrast with the follower of Mohammed, and in still greater contrast to the sadhu of the Hindu religion, stands the figure, on the opposite page, of Sadhu Sundar Singh, a Christian ascetic. The son of a rich Sikh landowner of the Punjab, himself in his young days a keen searcher after the truth, though opposed to anything Christian, he finally found the Truth where he had least expected it, and in spite of persecution from his family he became a Christian. He has since travelled all over India, visited China and Japan, and, in 1920, England and America, to witness for his faith. He wears the orange robe and sandals of the ascetic, he neither carries money nor receives any, and all the privations and imprisonments he has undergone have served to add to the power and the glad spirit of his witness. In London he has spoken to great gatherings of students, business-men, and others ; and when in India, he has travelled barefoot through the out-of-the-way and forbidden lands of Afghánistan, Baluchistan, Tibet, and Nepal.

Though he seems to be unique, it may be rather that he is the forerunner of a "type," by which Christianity, without western influences, shall come to its own in the East.



THERE is a great force which is acting as a transforming power on the young men and boys of the upper-class Hindus, or pundits, of Kashmir. The mission high school at Srinagar, worked on original and modern educational lines, is turning out men of character, in accordance with the school motto : " In all things be men." In the main and branch schools, 1600 boys and men, of whom the majority are Brahmans, are taught to swim and paddle, to extinguish fires, to box ; and in life, as well as in sport, to play the game. Saving life in flood and fire is only a part of the social service for which the school stands. In cholera epidemics the boys have rendered conspicuous service ; and the detective society, the sanitary corps (composed of older boys), have each their record of help rendered to those in need.

The first picture shows the high dive, which develops pluck as well as muscle ; and the second is of the weekly regatta on the Dhal Lake, where the crews of the boats race, each boat representing a branch school, and each crew wearing their own colour. The twelve-oar boat is rowed by the masters, who, while nominally Hindus, have the spirit and character of true men, and many of whom are themselves old boys of this unique school. Each year the crews of the central and branch schools have a keen competition for the headship of the river, somewhat after the manner of the " Eights " at Oxford. Swimming is compulsory ; non-swimmers over 15 years of age pay double fees, and the number of lives saved from drowning every year proves the wisdom of this rule.

The difficulties met with in this work are great : those of caste and the nature and temperament of the Kashmiris themselves being the chief ; yet manners and loyalty, truth and manliness are being learned as well as taught. Among the various societies worked by masters and boys is that of " The Knights-Errant " : one well worthy of note, for its members pledge themselves to do their best to prevent girls being married under 14 years of age.

A glance is sufficient to show that " Missions " are not an antiquated theory of religio



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

## **“Men in the Making”**



*Photograph by]*

*[Capt. L. B. Cane, R.A.M.C., T., T.D.]*

but a power working mightily for the building up of character and righteousness. A purely secular and western education in the East cannot but be destructive ; education based on Christianity is constructive, for it provides the moral as well as the intellectual training. This, owing to its principle of religious neutrality, the Government is unable to give. True education is India's crying need—to build the moral foundation, without which reforms and self-government are impossible.

Many powers, many forces, many influences are at work in the changing India of to-day, for better and for worse. All the writer asks is that those who read will believe that among them, and neither last nor least, is that power which lies behind the much misunderstood term "missions"—the great moral leavening force of Christianity, "which is Christ"—which may not be bound by nation, time, or creed, and shall surely reach beyond all frontiers and through all barriers into the great closed lands. It is in truth the world's one way through the problems of race, of industry, and all else, to "the Golden Age" which, though through much tribulation, shall surely come, and may better be called "the Kingdom of God."

It was the realization of this that prompted the three distinguished Field-marshals, Lords Roberts, Grenfell, and Methuen, shortly before the Great War, to address a letter to officers in the army about to go to the East. In it they draw attention to a subject which they judge to be of "the highest importance to a British officer," and the tenor of the letter may be gauged from the following extract :—

You will most certainly come into contact with the representatives of various Christian missionary societies, whose special work it is to show to non-Christian people the love of the Christ Whom we profess to serve. We commend these missionaries to you as a body of men and women who are working helpfully with the Government, and contributing to the elevation of the people in a way impossible to official action. Some object to Christian missions in ignorance of their real value. We would suggest that you will use all opportunities of making yourself personally acquainted with the work they are doing, and the character of the converts. Most missions will bear looking into, and we are convinced that if you will do this you will never afterwards condemn or belittle them.